

X
A
C O L L E C T I O N

O F

Pfalms & Hymns,

F R O M

V A R I O U S A U T H O R S ;

A D A P T E D C H I E F L Y T O

P U B L I C W O R S H I P .

*The RANSOMED of the LORD shall return, and
come to Zion with Songs. ISAIAH.*

*And they sang as it were A NEW SONG before
the Throne,——and no man could learn that
Song, but the REDEEMED. JOHN.*

L A N C A S T E R :

P R I N T E D B Y H E N R Y W A L M S L E Y .

M D C C L X X X .



P R E F A C E.

SINGING is the grand employment of Heaven, and the Song of Heaven is, REDEEMING-LOVE. SALVATION, by the Blood and Righteousness of the dear EMMANUEL, is their ever new—ever delightful theme. Heaven-born and heaven-aspiring souls, are divinely taught the same song upon earth. They are permitted and enabled to lisp the praises of JEHOVAH-JESUS; and to mix their feeble voice, with the Chorus around the Throne.

'Tis for the use and edification of such, that this COLLECTION is formed. It was thought expedient and desirable to unite, in one cheap and portable Volume, the labors of *many*, whose poetic talents have been happily devoted to the service of the Sanctuary; and which either have been, or are likely to be, highly serviceable to the Church of CHRIST.

That the HOLY SPIRIT, the COMFORTER, may abundantly bless this work, to the Congregations in *Lancashire*, (for whose use it was particularly designed,) and to *all*, into whose hands it may come,—is the fervent prayer of,

The Editor.

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H Y M N S, &c.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

I.

GREAT GOD, this sacred day of thine
 Demands our soul's collected pow'rs :
 May we employ in work divine
 These solemn, these devoted hours !
 O may our souls, adoring, own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne !

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly,
 Where GOD resides appear no more ;
 Omniscient GOD ! thy piercing eye
 Can ev'ry secret thought explore.
 O may thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine.

The word of life, dispens'd to-day,
 Invites us to a heav'nly feast ;
 May ev'ry ear the call obey,
 Be ev'ry heart a humble guest !
 O bid the wretched sons of need
 On soul-reviving dainties feed !

Thy SPIRIT'S pow'rful aid impart,
 O may thy word, with life divine,
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;
 Then shall the day indeed be thine :
 Then shall our souls, adoring, own
 The grace, which calls us to thy throne.

B

II. PSALM 92.

SWEET is the work, my GOD, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
 To shew thy love by morning-light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal care shall seize my breast;
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound!

My heart shall triumph in my LORD,
 And bless his works, and bless his word:
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
 How deep thy counsels! how divine!

Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
 Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
 Blasts them in everlasting death.

But I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Sin, my worst enemy before,
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
 My inward foes shall all be slain,
 Nor Satan break my peace again.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know
 All I desir'd and wish'd below;
 And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.



III. PSALM 63.

EARLY, my GOD, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face :
 My thirsty Spirit faints away,
 Without thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.

I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,
 Thro' all thy temple shine ;
 My GOD, repeat that heav'nly hour,
 That vision so divine !

Not all the blessings of a feast,
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when thy richer grace I taste,
 And in thy presence dwell.

Not life itself, with all its joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
 As thy forgiving love.

IV.

Bless'd morning, whose young dawning rays
 Beheld our rising GOD ;
 That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
 And leave his last abode.

In the cold prison of a tomb
 The dear REDEEMER lay,

Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God, in vain ;
The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

To thy great name, Almighty LORD,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King ;
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

V. PSALM 92, 12, &c.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand ;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

There grow thy saints, in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above ;
Not Lebanon with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The LORD is holy, just and true :
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful, or unkind.

VI.

TO-day God bids the faithful rest,
 To-day he show'rs his grace;
 "Seek ye my face," the LORD hath said:
 LORD, we will seek thy face.

Come, let us leave the things of earth,
 With God's assembly join;
 Lo! heav'n descends to welcome man
 To taste the things divine!

We come, dear SAVIOUR, lo! we come,
 LORD of our life and soul;
 We come diseas'd, and faint, and sick;
 Be pleas'd to make us whole.

We thirst, and fly to thee, O LORD,
 Thou fountain-head of good;
 Filthy we come, and all unclean;
 O cleanse us in thy blood.

O may we please our God to-day,
 May that be all our care!
 Give, LORD, thy grace, lest evil thoughts
 Should mingle in our pray'r.

Amidst th' assembly of thy saints
 Let us be faithful found;
 And let us join in humble pray'r,
 And in thy praise abound.

Let thy good SPIRIT help our souls
 With faith thy word to hear;
 Be with us in thy temple, LORD,
 And let us find thee near.

VII. PSALM 118.

THIS is the day the LORD hath made,
 He calls the hours his own;
 Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

To-day he rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell;
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy son!
 Help us, O LORD; descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.

Blest be the LORD, who comes to men
 With messages of grace;
 Who comes in GOD his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise;
 The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

VIII.

ANOTHER six days work is done;
 Another sabbath is begun:
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy GOD has blest.

Come, bless the LORD, whose love assigns
 So sweet a rest to weary'd minds;

Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

This heav'nly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

IX. PSALM 84.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

The sparrow for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest ;
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest :
My spirit faints
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

O happy souls that pray
 Where GOD appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Sion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
 Thro' this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heav'n appears :
 O glorious seat !
 When GOD our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet.

To spend one sacred day
 Where GOD and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside :
 Where GOD resorts,
 I love it more
 To keep the door,
 Than shine in courts.

GOD is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts his hands are fill'd,
 We draw our blessings thence :
 He shall bestow,
 On Jacob's race,
 Peculiar grace
 And glory too.

The LORD his people loves:
 His hand no good withholds
 From those his heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls:
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee!

X.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the LORD arise;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes!

The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day;
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place
 Where my dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

XI.

Sabbath-Evening.

FREQUENT, the day of God returns,
 To shed its quick'ning beams;
 And yet how slow devotion burns!
 How languid are its flames!

Accept our faint attempts to love;
 Our frailties, LORD, forgive;
 We would be like thy faints above,
 Unlike them as we live.

Increase, O LORD, our faith and hope,
 And fit us to ascend,
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
 The sabbath ne'er shall end.

Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
 With heavenly lustre shine;
 Before the throne of GOD appear,
 And feast on love divine.

Where we, in high seraphic strains,
 Shall all our pow'rs employ;
 Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
 And take our fill of joy.

XII.

WHEN, O dear JESUS, when shall I
 Behold thee all serene?
 Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day,
 Without a veil between.

Affist me while I wander here,
 Amidst a world of cares;
 Incline my heart to pray with love,
 And then accept my prayers.

Release my soul from every chain,
 No more hell's captive led,
 And pardon a repenting child,
 For whom the SAVIOUR bled!

Spare me, my GOD ; O spare the soul,
That gives itself to thee !
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.

Thy SPIRIT, O my Father, give,
To be my guide, and friend ;
To light my way to ceaseless joys,
Where sabbaths never end.

XIII.

THINE earthly sabbaths, LORD, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress ;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day begin ;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

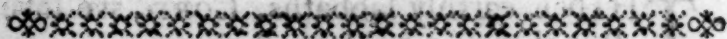
XIV.

WELCOME and precious to my soul,
Are these sweet feasts of love ;

But what a sabbath shall I keep;
When I shall rest above!

I come, I wait, I hear, I pray:
Thy footsteps, LORD, I trace:
I sing to think this is the way
To my dear SAVIOUR'S face.

These are my preparation-days ;
And when my soul is drest,
These Sabbaths shall deliver me,
To my eternal rest.



P U B L I C W O R S H I P.

XV.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow:
O! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, LORD, in vain?

LORD, on thee, our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee—here we stay :
LORD, we know not how to go,
'Till a blessing thou bestow.

Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy SPIRIT now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the time of joy return :
 Those who are cast down, lift up ;
 Make them strong in faith and hope.

Grant that those who seek, may find
 Thee a gracious GOD, and kind ;
 Heal the sick, the captives free,
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

XVI.

NOW may the SPIRIT's holy fire,
 Descending from above,
 His waiting family inspire,
 With joy, and peace, and love !

'Thee we the COMFORTER confess ;
 Unless thou'rt present here,
 Our songs of praise are vain address,
 And lifeless is our pray'r.

'Wake, heav'nly Wind, arise, and come,
 Blow on the drooping field ;
 Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
 And fragrant incense yield.

Touch with a living coal the lip
 That shall proclaim thy word ;
 And bid each awful hearer keep
 Attention to the LORD.

XVII.

FAR from our thoughts, vain world, be gone,
 Let our religious hours alone ;

May we by faith the SAVIOUR see:
We wait a visit, LORD, from thee!

O warm our hearts with holy fire!
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, dearest SAVIOUR, from above,
And feed our souls with heav'nly love.

Bless'd JESUS, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

Hail, great IMMANUEL, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine!
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

XVIII.

ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!

FATHER, thy quick'ning SPIRIT send
From heav'n in JESU's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

To seek thee all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessing suit;

And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce a plenteous fruit.

Bid the convincing North-wind 'wake ;
Say to the South-wind, blow ;
Bid ev'ry plant thy pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

Revive the parch'd, with heav'nly show'rs ;
The cold, with warmth divine :
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

XIX.

COME, thou ALMIGHTY KING,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise !

FATHER all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
ANTIENT OF DAYS,

JESUS, our LORD, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall !

Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd :
LORD, hear our call !

Come, thou incarnate WORD,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our pray'r attend !

Come ! and thy people bless,
And give thy word success ;
SPIRIT of holiness,
On us descend !

Come, holy COMFORTER,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour!
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 SPIRIT of pow'r!

To the great ONE in THREE
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence——evermore!
 His sov'reign Majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

XX. PSALM 95.

SING to the LORD JEHOVAH's name,
 And in his strength rejoice;
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And psalms of honour sing;
 The LORD's a GOD of boundless might,
 The whole creation's King!

Let princes hear, let angels know
 How mean their natures seem,
 Those gods on high, and gods below,
 When once compar'd with Him.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in his spacious hand;
 He fix'd the sea what bounds to keep,
 And where the hills must stand.

Come, and with humble souls adore ;
 Come, kneel before his face ;
 O may the creatures of his pow'r
 Be children of his grace !

Now is the time : He bends his ear,
 And waits for your request ;
 Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
 " Ye shall not see my rest."

XXI.

MY LORD, how great's the favour
 That I a sinner poor,
 Can thro' thy blood's sweet favour
 Approach thy mercy's door,
 And find an open passage
 Unto the throne of grace ;
 There wait the welcome message,
 That bids me GO IN PEACE !

LORD, I'm an helpless creature,
 Full of the deepest need,
 Throughout defil'd by nature,
 Stupid, and inly dead :
 My strength is perfect weakness,
 And all I have is sin ;
 My heart is all uncleanness,
 A den of thieves within.

In this forlorn condition
 Who shall afford me aid ?
 Where shall I find compassion,
 But in the church's Head ?
 JESUS, thou art all pity,
 O take me to thine arms,
 And exercise thy mercy,
 To save me from all harms.

I'll never cease repeating
 My numberless complaints ;
 But ever be intreating
 The glorious KING of saints,
 Till I attain the image
 Of him I inly love ;
 And pay my grateful homage
 With all the saints above.

Then I with all in glory,
 Will thankfully relate
 Th' amazing pleasing story
 Of JESU's love so great ;
 In this blest contemplation
 I shall for ever dwell,
 And prove such consolation,
 As none below can tell.

XXII.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, come,
 Let thy bright beams arise ;
 Dispel the darkness from our minds,
 And open all our eyes.

Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to JESU's blood ;
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The secret love of GOD.

Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
 And kindle in our breasts the flames
 Of never-dying love.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,

To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

If thou, celestial Dove,
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience, wrath, and law !

No longer burns our love ;
Our faith and patience fail ;
Our sin revives ; and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.

Dwell therefore in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free :
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The FATHER, SON, and THEE.

XXIII.

FATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
The souls before thy throne ;
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy SON.

On me, on all, some gift bestow ;
Some blessing now impart :
The seed of life-eternal sow
In ev'ry waiting heart.

Thy loving, pow'rful SPIRIT shed,
And speak our sins forgiv'n ;
And haste throughout the lump to spread
The sanctifying leav'n.

Refresh us with a ceaseless show'r,
Of graces from above,

Till all receive the heart-felt pow'r
Of Everlasting Love

XXIV.

On opening a new Place of Worship.

AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Avow our temples for his own?

We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

These Walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou descending fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

Here let the great REDEEMER reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While pow'r divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crouds were born to glory here.



B E F O R E S E R M O N.

XXV.

SOURCE of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine,

LORD, behold thy servant stands ;
Lo ! to thee he lifts his hands :
Satisfy his soul's desire ;
Touch his lip with holy fire.

Source of light, &c.

Breathe thy SPIRIT ; so shall fall
Unction sweet, on him, on all ;
Till, by odours scatter'd round,
CHRIST himself be trac'd and found :
Then shall ev'ry raptur'd heart,
Rich in peace and joy depart.

Source of light, &c.

XXVI.

YE that in his courts are found,
List'ning to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the KING of KINGS,
Take the peace the Gospel brings.

Turn to CHRIST your longing eyes,
View his bloody sacrifice ;
See, in him, your sins forgiv'n,
PARDON, HOLINESS, and HEAV'N.
Glorify the KING of KINGS,
Take the peace the Gospel brings.

XXVII.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, LORD ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word ?

Oft I frequent thy holy place,
 And hear almost in vain;
 How small a portion of thy grace
 My mem'ry can retain!

My dear Almighty, and my God,
 How little art thou known
 By all the judgments of thy rod,
 And blessings of thy throne!

How cold and feeble is my love!
 How negligent my fear!
 How low my hope of joys above!
 How few affections there!

Great GOD! thy sov'reign pow'r impart;
 To give thy word success;
 Write thy salvation in my heart,
 And make me learn thy grace.

Shew my forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high;
 There knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

XXVIII.

JESU, we thy promise claim,
 We are met in thy dear name;
 In the midst do thou appear,
 Manifest thy presence here:
 Sanctify us, LORD, and bless,
 Breathe thy SPIRIT, give thy peace:
 Come, descend, celestial Dove,
 Make this time a time of love.

XXIX.

COME, ye sinners, come to JESUS,
 Think upon your gracious LORD;
 He has pity'd your condition,
 He has sent his gospel-word.
 Mercy calls you,
 Mercy flows on JESU's blood.

Dearest SAVIOUR, help thy Servant
 To proclaim thy wond'rous love;
 Pour thy grace upon this people,
 That thy truth they may approve;
 Bless, O bless them
 From thy shining courts above.

Now thy gracious word invites them
 To partake the gospel-feast;
 Let thy SPIRIT sweetly draw them,
 Ev'ry soul be JESU's guest.
 O receive us,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.

XXX.

SALVATION! O, the joyful sound;
 'Tis pleasure to our ears:
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise by grace divine
 To see a heav'nly day.

SALVATION! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,

While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

SALVATION! O thou bleeding LAMB!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

C H O R U S.

Glory, honor, praise and power,
Be unto the LAMB for ever,
JESUS CHRIST is our REDEEMER,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the LORD.

XXXI.

CONFIRM the hope thy word allows,
Behold us waiting to be fed,
Bless the provision of thy house,
And satisfy thy poor with bread.

Drawn by thy invitation, LORD,
Athirst and hungry we are come:
Now from the fullness of thy word,
Feast us, and send us thankful home.

XXXII. PSALM 132, 8, 15.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest!
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy SPIRIT and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty GOD ! accept our vows,
 Here let thy praise be spread ;
 Bless the provision of thy house,
 And fill thy poor with bread.

XXXIII. PSALM 117.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the CREATOR's praise arise ;
 Let the REDEEMER's name be sung,
 Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, LORD ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

XXXIV.

COME, dearest LORD, descend and dwell,
 By faith and love, in ev'ry breast ;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
 The joys that cannot be express'd.

Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length
 Of thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the GOD whose pow'r can do
 More than our thoughts and wishes know ;
 Be everlasting honors done
 By all the church, thro' CHRIST his Son.

XXXV. PSALM 135.

PRAISE ye the LORD, exalt his name,
 While in his holy courts ye wait ;

Ye saints; that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate,

Praise ye the LORD; the LORD is good:
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Isr'el he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

Bless ye the LORD, who taste his love;
People and priests exalt his name:
Among his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

XXXVI. PSALM 45. 1—6.

MY SAVIOUR and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine.

Now make thy glory known;
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.

Strike thro' thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey;
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand:
And thy victorious Gospel proves
A scepter in thy hand.

XXXVII.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Exalt the Son of GOD,
The all-atoning LAMB ;
Redemption in his blood
To all the world proclaim :
The year, &c.

Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of JESU's love.
The year, &c.

The Gospel-trumpet sounds ;
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear :
The year, &c.



A F T E R S E R M O N .

XXXVIII.

O JESU, our LORD,
Thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich blessings convey'd by thy word.

In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And chearfully join in a concert of praise.

The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad,
The language of mercy—salvation thro' blood.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this Gospel-day.

The people who know
The SAVIOUR below,
With burning affection to worship him glow.

This blessing be mine,
Thro' favour divine,
But O, my REDEEMER, the glory be thine !

XXXIX. PSALM 89, 15, &c

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps furround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Thro' their REDEEMER's name !
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The LORD, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Isr'el, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

XL.

WITH heart and lips unfeign'd,
We praise thee for thy word;
We bless thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming LORD.

Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heav'n,
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas given :-

So let thy present voice
Accomplish thy design ;
Distil on all our thirsty souls,
And consecrate us thine.

Water thy sacred feed,
And give it great increase ;
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.

Then tho' we weeping sow,
And tears our hours employ ;
We know we shall return again,
And bring our sheaves with joy.

XLI.

THANKS, for mercies past, receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view.

Bless thy word to old and young,
Fill us with the SAVIOUR's love ;
And, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

XLII.

ON what has now been sown
 Thy blessing, LORD, bestow;
 The pow'r is thine alone,
 To make it spring and grow:
 Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
 And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

See Hymns for Dismission.

I N V I T A T I O N.

XLIII.

SINNERS, obey the Gospel-word,
 Hasten to the supper of your LORD;
 Be wise to know your gracious day;
 All things are ready, come away.

Ready the FATHER is to own,
 And kiss his late returning Son;
 Ready the loving SAVIOUR stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate:
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

Come then, ye sinners, to your LORD,
 To happiness in CHRIST restor'd;
 His proffer'd benefits embrace,
 And taste the fulness of his grace.

XLIV.

COME, guilty souls, and flee away,
 Like doves to JESU'S wounds;

This is the welcome Gospel-day
Wherein free-grace abounds.

God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath :
And JESUS says he'll cast out none
That comes to him by faith.

XLV.

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

Dear GOD ! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,

Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins !

The happy gates of Gospel-grace
Stand open night and day :
LORD, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

XLVI.

LADEN with guilt, sinners arise,
And view your bleeding sacrifice ;
Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come.

Beneath our crimes the victim stood,
Sign'd our acquittances in blood :
Hereby GOD's justice is appeas'd.
Sinners, look up, and be releas'd.

Mercy, truth, peace, and righteousness,
Beam from the RECONCILER's face ;
Here look, till love dissolves your heart,
And bids your slavish fears depart.

O ! quit the world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to JESU's arms.
Wrestle until your GOD is known,
Till you can call the LORD, your own.

XLVII.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
JESUS ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with pow'r :
He is able, &c.
He is willing ; doubt no more.

Ho ! ye needy, come, and welcome ;
 God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money, &c.
 Come to JESUS CHRIST, and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger ;
 Nor of *fitness* fondly dream :
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is, to feel your need of Him ;
 This he gives you, &c.
 'Tis the SPIRIT's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;
 If you tarry, till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous, &c.
 Sinners JESUS came to call.

Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your MAKER prostrate lies,
 On the bloody tree behold him :
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 "It is finish'd," &c.
 Sinner, will not this suffice ?

Lo ! th' incarnate GOD, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood.
 Venture on him, venture wholly ;
 Let no other trust intrude.
 None but JESUS, &c.
 Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and Angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the LAMB ;

While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.

Hallelujah! &c.

Sinners here, may sing the same.

XLVIII.

HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
('Tis GOD invites the fallen race)
Mercy, and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel-grace.

Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners, obey your MAKER'S call;
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And taste the grace, propos'd to all.

See from the rock a fountain rise,
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money you need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of GOD receive,
Pardon and peace in JESUS find.

XLIX.

THE SAVIOUR calls,—let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice ;

The gracious call obey ;

Mercy invites to heav'nly joys,

And can you yet delay ?

Dear SAVIOUR, draw reluctant hearts,

To thee let sinners fly,

And take the bliss thy love imparts,

And drink, and never die.

L.

COME, happy souls, approach your God,

With new melodious songs ;

Come, tender to Almighty grace

The tribute of your tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the love

That pity'd dying men,

The FATHER sent his equal SON

To give them life again.

Thy hands, dear JESUS, were not arm'd

With a revenging rod,

No hard commission to perform

The vengeance of a GOD.

But all was mercy, all was mild,

And wrath forsook the throne,

When CHRIST on the kind errand came,

And brought salvation down.

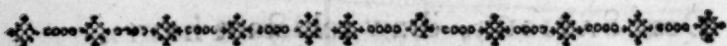
Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,

And wipe your sorrows dry ;

Trust in the mighty SAVIOUR's name,

And you shall never die.

See, dearest LORD, our willing souls
 Accept thine offer'd grace ;
 We bless the great REDEEMER's love,
 And give the FATHER praise.



A D O P T I O N.

LI.

LET others boast their ancient line,
 In long succession great ;
 In the proud list let heroes shine,
 And monarchs swell in state :
 Descended from the KING of KINGS,
 Each saint, a nobler title sings.

Pronounce me, gracious GOD, thy Son,
 Own me an heir divine ;
 I'll pity princes on the throne,
 When I can call thee mine :
 Scepters and crowns unenvy'd rise,
 And loose their lustre in my eyes.

Content, obscure I pass my days,
 To all I meet unknown,
 And wait 'till thou thy child shalt raise
 And seat me near thy throne.
 No name, no honors here I crave,
 Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.

JESUS, my elder brother, lives,
 With him I too shall reign ;
 Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
 Shall make the promise vain.
 In him my title stands secure
 And shall, while endless years endure.

When he, in robes divinely bright,
 Shall once again appear,
 Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
 And his full image bear.
 Enough!—I wait th' appointed day,
 Bless'd SAVIOUR, haste, and come away!

LII.

BEHOLD what wond'rous grace,
 The Father has bestow'd,
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God!
 'Tis no surprising thing,
 That we should be unknown;
 The Jewish world knew not their king,
 God's everlasting Son.

Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made,
 But when we see our SAVIOUR here,
 We shall be like our head.

A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure,
 May purge our souls from sense and sin
 As CHRIST the LORD is pure.

If in my father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy SPIRIT like a dove
 To rest upon my heart.

We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne;
 My faith shall *Abba*, Father, cry,
 And thou the kindred own.

LIII.

LORD, I address thy heav'nly throne;
Call *me* a child of thine;
Send down the spirit of thy SON
To form my heart divine.

There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say, "My FATHER GOD,"
With an unwar'ring tongue.

LIV.

WHY should the children of a KING
Go mourning all their days?
Great COMFORTER! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiven?

Assure my conscience of her part
In the REDEEMER'S blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of GOD.

Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

LV.

BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with CHRIST'S own blood;

They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.

God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When on JESUS they believe.

They are justify'd by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in GOD's great day.

They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.

They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heav'nly birth;
Born of GOD, they hate all sin,
GOD's pure seed remains within.

They have fellowship with GOD,
Thro' the Mediator's blood:
One with GOD, with JESUS one,
Glory is in them begun.

Tho' they suffer much on earth,
Mortify'd to carnal mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures that can never cloy.

They alone are truly blest;
Heirs of GOD, joint-heirs with CHRIST;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

LVI.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly KING,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;
 Sing your SAVIOUR's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways!

Ye are trav'ling home to GOD,
 In the way the fathers trod:
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
CHRISt our Advocate is made;
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.

Shout, ye little flock and blest,
 You on JESU's throne shall rest;
 There your seat is now prepar'd,
 There your kingdom, and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 JESUS CHRIST, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.

LORD! obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee!



A F F L I C T I O N .

LVII.

NOT from the dust affliction grows,
 Nor troubles rise by chance;

Yet we are born to cares and woes;
A sad inheritance!

As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace:
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

Not all the pains that e'er I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace:
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

LVIII.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first;
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

'The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

'Tis God that lifts our country high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (blessed be his name)
He takes but what he gave.

Peace, all our angry passions cease,
Let each rebellious sigh

Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread ;
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

LIX.

HOW happy the sorrowful man,
Whose sorrow is sent from above !
Indulg'd with a visit of pain,
Chastis'd by omnipotent love :
The Author of all his distress,
He comes by affliction to know ;
And God he in heaven shall bless,
That ever he suffer'd below.

Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And hear the intent of his rod,
The marks of adoption receive,
The strokes of a merciful GOD ;
With nearer access to his throne,
My burden of folly confess,
The cause of my miseries own,
And cry for an answer of peace.

O Father of mercies, on me,
On me in affliction bestow
A power of applying to thee,
A sanctify'd use of my woe :
I would, in a spirit of pray'r,
To all thy appointments submit ;
The pledge of my happiness bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

Then, Father, and never till then,
 I all the felicity prove,
 Of living a moment in pain,
 Of dying in JESUS's love :
 • A sufferer here with my LORD,
 • With JESUS above I sit down,
 Receive an eternal reward,
 And glory obtain in a crown.

LX.

'TIS my happiness below,
 Not to live without the cross ;
 But, the SAVIOUR's pow'r to know,
 Sanctifying ev'ry loss :
 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.

GOD, in Isr'el, sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
 These spring up, and choke the weeds,
 Which would else o'erspread the soil :
 Trials make the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to pray'r ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there ;

Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way ;
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a cast-away :
 Bastards may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not, would not, if he might.

LXI.

COME, my partners in the patience
 Of our once-afflicted KING ;
 Out of all our tribulations,
 Rise with me his praise to sing.
 Though we in continual mourning
 The short night of life employ,
 Joy shall come with CHRIST returning,
 Heav'nly, everlasting joy.

JESUS, our exalted JESUS,
 Cloath'd in light, shall bow the sky ;
 Shall from all our griefs release us,
 All our wants at once supply.
 Sin, and curse, and death are over,
 Care and pain no more molest,
 When we once the port recover,
 Land on our REDEEMER'S breast.

O ! what cordial consolation,
 Doth this blessed hope afford :
 We shall gain his full salvation,
 We shall meet our smiling LORD.
 We shall soon appear before thee,
 Shall the stars and sun outshine ;
 Shout among the sons of glory,
 All immortal, all divine.

For this hope display'd before us,
 Bear we now the destin'd cross
 Waiting till our LORD restore us
 Amply recompense our loss,
 Crown our souls' supreme ambition,
 Bid us hand in hand ascend,
 Wrapt into the blissful vision
 Of our everlasting Friend.

LXII.

LORD, I am thine: But thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

Their hope and portion lies below;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek: They take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

What sinners value, I resign;
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God.
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprize,
And in my SAVIOUR'S image rise.

LXIII.

THE souls that would to JESUS press,
Must fix this firm and sure,
That tribulation, more or less,
They must and shall endure.

The world opposes from without,
 And unbelief within ;
 We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
 And feel the load of sin.

Glad frames too often lift us up,
 And then how proud we grow ;
 Till sad desertion makes us droop,
 And down we sink as low.

Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
 To catch the wand'ring heart ;
 And seldom do we see the snares,
 Before we feel the smart.

But let not all this terrify ;
 Pursue the narrow path ;
 Look to the LORD with stedfast eye,
 And fight with hell by faith.

Tho' we are feeble, CHRIST is strong ;
 His promises are true ;
 We shall be conqu'rors all, e'er long,
 And more than conqu'rors too.

B A P T I S M.

LXIV.

THUS saith the mercy of the LORD,
 " I'll be a God to thee ;
 " I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
 " Shall be a seed for me."

Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
 And gave his son to God ;

But WATER seals the blessing *now*,
That *once* was seal'd with BLOOD.

Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house,
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing gaoler gave
His household to the LORD.

Thus later saints, eternal KING!
Thine ancient truths embrace;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

LXV.

DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are bury'd with the LORD;
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin.

Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death:
So from the grave did CHRIST arise,
And lives to GOD above the skies.

No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

LXVI.

BEHOLD what condescending love
JESUS on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

“ Permit them to approach,” he cries,
 “ Nor scorn their humble name :
 “ For ’twas to bless such souls as these,
 “ The LORD of angels came.”

We bring them, LORD, with thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee :
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

Kindly receive this tender branch,
 And form [his] soul for GOD :
 Baptize [him] with thy SPIRIT, LORD;
 And wash [him] in thy blood.

Thus to the parents and their seed
 Let thy salvation come :
 And num’rous households meet at last
 In one eternal home,



THE BEATITUDES.

LXVII.

BLESS’D are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty :
 Treasures of grace to them are giv’n,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heav’n.

Bless’d are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
 The blood of CHRIST divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all their woes.

Bless’d are the meek, who stand afar
 From rage and passion, noise and war ;

God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

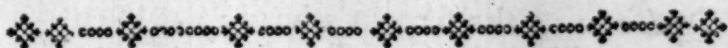
Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supply'd and fed,
With living streams and living bread.

Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From CHRIST the LORD shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A GOD of spotless purity.

Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of GOD, the GOD of peace.

Bless'd are the suff'rers, who partake
Of pain and shame for JESUS' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the LORD,
Glory and joy are their reward.



NATIVITY AND SUFFERINGS OF JESUS CHRIST.

LXVIII.

HARK ! the herald-angels sing,
" Glory to the new-born King ;
F.

"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,

"God and sinners reconcil'd."

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,

Join the triumphs of the skies ;

With th' angelic host proclaim,

"CHRIST is born in Bethlehem."

CHRIST, by highest heav'n ador'd,

CHRIST, the everlasting LORD ;

Late in time behold him come,

Offspring of a virgin's womb :

Veil'd in flesh, the GODHEAD see,

Hail th' incarnate DEITY !

Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,

JESUS, our IMMANUEL, here.

Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of peace !

Hail, the sun of righteousness !

Light and life to all he brings,

Ris'n with healing in his wings :

Mild he lays his glory by,

Born, that man no more may die,

Born to raise the sons of earth,

Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,

Fix in us thy humble home ;

Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,

Bruise in us the serpent's head :

Adam's likeness now efface,

Stamp thine image in its place ;

Second Adam from above,

Re-instate us in thy love.

LXIX.

COME, thou long expected JESUS !

Born to set thy people free ;

From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee !
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art ;
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart !

Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a Child, and yet a King ;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring !
 By thine own eternal SPIRIT,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

LXX.

ALL-wise, all-good, almighty-LORD,
 JESUS, by highest heav'n ador'd,
 Ere time its course began ;
 How did thy glorious mercy stoop
 To take fallen nature up,
 When thou becamest man.

Th' eternal WORD from heav'n came down ;
 The KING of glory dropt his crown,
 And veil'd his majesty :
 Empty'd of all but love he came :
 JESUS, I call thee by the name
 Thy pity bore for me.

O holy Child, still let thy birth,
 Bring peace to us poor worms of earth,
 And praise to GOD on high !
 Come, thou who didst my flesh assume,

Now to the abject sinner come,
And in a manger lie.

Didst thou not in thy person join
The natures, human and divine,
That God and men might be
Henceforth inseparably one?
Haste then, and make thy nature known,
Incarnated in me.

In my weak sinful flesh appear,
O God be manifested here;
Peace, righteousness and joy
Thy kingdom, LORD, set up within
My waiting heart, and all my sin,
The Devil's works destroy.

LXXI.

COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring,
'Tis CHRIST the everlasting God,
And CHRIST the Man, we sing.

Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That hellish Monsters spilt.

Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.

Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head;

Yet he arose to live and and reign
When death itself is dead.

No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more ;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

There the REDEEMER sits
High on the FATHER's throne ;
The FATHER lays his veng'ance bye,
And smiles upon his SON.

There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And blest his faints and angels eyes
To everlasting days.

LXXII. PSALM 69.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our LORD ;
Behold ! the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.

Yet, gracious Gon, thy pow'r and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove ;
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy SON,
Aton'd for sins which we had done.

The pangs of our expiring LORD
The honors of thy Law restor'd ;

His sorrows made thy Justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

O! for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The LORD will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

LXXIII.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
Save in the death of CHRIST my GOD;
All the vain things that charm the most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
'Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

LXXIV.

JESUS, while he dwelt below
 As divine historians say,
 To a place would often go;
 Near to *Kedron's* brook it lay;
 In this place he lov'd to be;
 And 'twas nam'd *Gethsemane*.

Full of love to Man's lost race
 On his conflict much he thought.
This he knew the destin'd place:
 And he lov'd the sacred spot.
 Love to sinners—love to *me*
 Made him love *Gethsemane*.

Came at length the dreadful night.
 Vengeance with it's iron rod
 Stood, and with collected might
 Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God,
 See, my soul, thy SAVIOUR see,
 Grov'ling in *Gethsemane*.

View him in that *Olive-press*,
 Squeez'd and wrung, till whelm'd in blood!
 View thy MAKER's deep distress!
 Hear the sighs and groans of GOD!
 Then reflect, what Sin must be,
 Gazing on *Gethsemane*.

SAVIOUR, all the stone remove
 From my flinty frozen heart.
 Thaw it with the beams of love:
 Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart.
 Wound the heart, that wounded thee;
 Melt it in *Gethsemane*.

LXXV.

STRETCH'D, on the cross the SAVIOUR dies,
 Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide !

But Life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound ;
 The vital stream, how free it flows,
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes.

To suffer in the Traytor's place,
 To die for Man, surprizing grace !
 Yet pass rebellious Angels by,——
 O why for Man, dear SAVIOUR, why !

And didst thou bleed, for Sinners bleed ?
 And could the sun behold the deed ?
 No, he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

Can I survey this scene of woe,
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
 And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
 Insensible to love or pain ?

Come, dearest LORD, thy pow'r impart,
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
 Till all its pow'rs, and passions move
 In melting grief, and ardent love.

LXXVI.

OUR spirits join t' adore the LAMB ;
 O, that our feeble lips could move

In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love !

Was ever equal pity found ?
The Prince of heav'n resign'd his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.

The Law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more ;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood ;
Bless'd fountain ! springing from the veins
Of JESUS, our incarnate GOD.

In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine ;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

SACRAMENTAL HYMNS.

LXXVII.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the SON of GOD's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake ;
What Love thro' all his actions ran !
What wond'rous works of Grace he spake !

"This is my Body, broke for sin;
 "Receive and eat the living food;"
 Then took the cup and blest'd the wine;
 "'Tis the new cov'nant in my Blood."

"Do this, (he cry'd) till time shall end,
 "In mem'ry of your dying friend;
 "Meet at my table, and record
 "The love of your departed LORD."

JESUS! thy feast we celebrate,
 We shew thy Death, we sing thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

LXXVIII.

JESUS invites his saints
 To meet around his board;
 Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
 Communion with their LORD.

For food he gave his flesh;
 He bids us drink his blood;
 Amazing favour, matchless grace
 Of our descending God.

Let all our pow'rs be join'd
 His glorious name to raise:
 Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
 And ev'ry voice be praise.

LXXIX.

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
 We thus recall to mind,

Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find;
 Think on us, who think on thee,
 And ev'ry struggling soul release:
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray,
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away.
 Burst our bonds, and set us free.
 From all iniquity release:
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

Let thy blood, by faith apply'd,
 The sinners pardon seal,
 Speak us freely justify'd,
 And all our sickness heal:
 By thy passion on the tree
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease:
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

Never let us hence depart,
 Till thou our wants relieve,
 Write forgiveness in our heart,
 And all thine image give:
 Still our souls shall cry to thee,
 Till perfected in holiness;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

 LXXX.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
 Where our weak senses reach him not;

And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our SAVIOUR from our thought.

He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face ;
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

The LORD of life this table spread
With his own Flesh and dying Blood.
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the GOD.

Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
CHRIST and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

LXXXI.

FATHER, GOD, who see'st in me
Only sin and misery,
See thine own annointed One,
Look on thy beloved SON.

Turn from me thy glorious eyes,
To that bloody sacrifice ;
To that full atonement made,
To that utmost ransom paid.

To the blood that speaks above
Calls for thy forgiving love ;

To the tokens of his death,
Here exhibited beneath.

Hear his blood's prevailing cry,
Let thy bowels then reply;
Then thro' him the sinner see;
Then in JESUS look on me!

LXXXII.

THE blest memorials of thy grief,
Thy suff'rings and thy death,
We come dear SAVIOUR to receive;
But would receive with *Faith*.

The tokens sent us to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, dear SAVIOUR, to receive;
But would receive with *Hope*.

The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, dear SAVIOUR, to receive;
But would receive with *Love*.

Here in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine;
The utmost we can do, dear LORD,
For all beyond is thine.

Increase our *Faith* and *Hope* and *Love*;
LORD, give us all that's good,
We would thy full Salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

G.

LXXXIII.

THOU very paschal LAMB,
 Whose blood for us was shed;
 Thro' whom we out of Egypt came,
 Thy ransom'd people lead!

Angel of Gospel-grace,
 Fulfil thy character;
 To guard and feed thy chosen race,
 In Israel's camp appear.

Throughout the desert-way
 Conduct us by thy light!
 Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
 A chearing fire by night.

Our fainting souls sustain
 With blessings from above,
 And ever on thy people rain
 The manna of thy love.

LXXXIV.

COME O my soul, and sing
 How JESUS hath thee fed;
 How JESUS gave himself for thee,
 The true and living bread.

I love my SAVIOUR CHRIST;
 His grace did freely move,
 And justly my affections claim;
 I cannot help but love.

I love thee, O my LORD;
 I gladly thee adore:
 O may I never turn again!
 But love thee more and more.

O raise my feeble flame;
 My little stock improve;
 Increase my ardour day by day,
 And change me all to love.

LXXXV.

HOW condescending and how kind
 Was GOD's beloved SON!
 Our Mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
 And pity brought him down.

He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to his throne:
 There's ne'er a gift his Hand bestows
 But cost his Heart a groan.

This was compassion like a GOD,
 That when the SAVIOUR knew
 The price of pardon was his blood,
 His pity ne'er withdrew.

Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
 His love is still as great:
 Well he remembers Calvary;
 Nor let his Saints forget.

LXXXVI.

JOIN ev'ry tongue to sing
 The mercies of the LORD.
 The love of CHRIST our King
 Let ev'ry heart record.
 He sav'd us from the wrath of GOD;
 And paid our ransom with His blood.

What wond'rous grace was this !
We finn'd and JESUS died.
 HE wrought the righteousness,
 And *we* are Justified.
We ran the score to lengths extreme ;
 And all the debt was charged on HIM.

Hell was *was our* just desert :
 And HE that hell endur'd.
 Guilt broke HIS guiltless heart
 With wrath that *we* incurr'd.
We bruis'd HIS body, spilt HIS blood ;
 And both become *our* heav'nly flood.

LXXXVII.

JESUS ! we bow before thy feet ;
 Thy table is divinely stor'd ;
 Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
 'Tis living bread, we thank thee, LORD !

And here we drink our SAVIOUR's blood ;
 We thank thee, LORD, 'tis gen'rous wine,
 Mingled with love ; the fountain flow'd
 From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

On earth is no such sweetness found,
 For the LAMB's flesh is heav'nly food :
 In vain we search the globe around
 For bread so fine, or wine so good.

Joy to the Master of the feast ;
 His name our souls for ever bless ;
 To GOD the King and GOD the Priest,
 A loud hosanna round the place.

LXXXVIII.

HOW sweet and awful is the place
 With CHRIST within the doors,
 While everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores !

Here ev'ry bowel of our GOD
 With soft compassion rolls ;
 Here peace and pardon bought with blood,
 Is food for dying souls,

While all our hearts and all our songs
 Join to admire the feast,
 Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
 " LORD, why was I a guest ?

" Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 " And enter while there's room ;
 " When thousands make a wretched choice,
 " And rather starve than come !"

'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
 That sweetly forc'd us in ;
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our sin.

LXXXIX.

HOW are thy glories here display'd !
 Great GOD, how bright they shine !
 While at thy word we break the bread,
 And pour the flowing wine.

Here thy revenging *Justice* stands,
 And pleads its dreadful cause ;
 Here saving *Mercy* spreads her hands,
 Like JESUS on the cross.

Thy saints attend with ev'ry grace
 On this great sacrifice ;
 Here *Love* appears with cheerful face,
 And *Faith* with fixed eyes.

Our *Hope* in waiting posture sits,
 To heav'n directs her fight ;
 Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,
 And warmer pow'rs unite.

Zeal and *Revenge* perform their part,
 And rising sin destroy ;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
 Yet not forbids the joy.

Dear SAVIOUR change our faith to fight,
 Let sin for ever die ;
 Then shall our souls be all delight,
 And ev'ry tear be dry.

XC.

G O D of all-redeeming grace,
 By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
 Up to thee our souls we raise,
 Up to thee our bodies yield.

Thou our sacrifice receive,
 Acceptable thro' thy SON ;
 While to thee alone we live,
 While we die to thee alone.

Just it is, and good and right,
 That we shou'd be wholly thine,
 In thine only will delight,
 In thy blessed service join,

O that ev'ry thought and word
Might proclaim how good thou art;
HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD,
Still be written on our heart!

RESURRECTION, ASCENSION AND
INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

XCI.

JESUS, who dy'd a world to save,
Revives, and rises from the grave,
By his almighty pow'r :
From sin, and death, and hell set free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

Children of GOD, look up and see
Your SAVIOUR cloth'd with majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb :
Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
In heav'n your mansions he prepares,
And soon will take you home.

His church is still his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem :
He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,
And prays that she may spoil her foes,
And ever reign with him.

O may we all from sin awake,
May all in heav'n our places take,
Near our exalted Head !
May all our souls to heav'n aspire,
In thought, in will, in strong desire,
To carnal pleasures dead !

XCII.

HE dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! SALEM's daughters weep around !
 A solemn darkness veils the skies ;
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
 Come Saints, and drop a tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The LORD of glory dies for men !
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 JESUS the dead revives again !
 The rising GOD forsakes the tomb !
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise !)
 Angelic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !

Break off your tears ye saints ! and tell
 How high our great deliv'rer reigns !
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains !
 Say " Live for ever, wond'rous King !
 " Born to redeem, and strong to save ;"
 Then ask the monster—" where's thy sting ?
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave !"

XCIII.

HOSANNA to the prince of light,
 That cloth'd himself in clay ;
 Enter'd the iron gates of death,
 And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,
 Since our IMMANUEL rose;
 He took the tyrants sling away,
 And spoil'd our hellish foes.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
 And to his Father flies,
 With scars of honor in his flesh,
 And triumph in his eyes.

There our exalted SAVIOUR reigns,
 And scatter blessings down;
 Our JESUS fills the middle seat
 Of the celestial throne.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach his bless'd abode:
 Sweet be the accents of your songs
 To our incarnate GOD.

Bright Angels, strike your loudest strings,
 Your sweetest voices raise;
 Let heav'n and all created things
 Sound our IMMANUEL's praise.

XCIV.

CHRIST the LORD is ris'n to-day!
 HALLELUJAH.

Sons of men, and angels say HAL.
 Raise your joys and triumphs high, HAL.
 Sing ye heav'ns and earth reply, HAL.

Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! our SUN's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
CHRIST hath burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids his rise,
CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King,
Where O death is now thy sting !
Once he dy'd our souls to save ;
Where's thy vict'ry boasting grave !

Soar we now where CHRIST has led,
Foll'wing our exalted head :
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parent's fall ;
Second life, we now receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

Hail the LORD of earth and heav'n !
Praise to thee, by both be giv'n !
'Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail ! the RESURRECTION——THOU.

King of glory ! Soul of bliss !
Everlasting life is this——
'Thee to know——thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

XCV.

HA I L the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !
CHRIST awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n :

There the pompous triumph waits,
 Lift your heads, eternal gates !
 Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 Take the King of glory in !

Him, tho' highest heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
 Tho' returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own :

Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares our place,
 Harbinger of human race.

Master (may we ever say) —
 Taken from our head to-day ;
 See thy faithful servants, see,
 Ever gazing up to thee !

Grant, tho' parted from our sight;
 High above yon azure height :
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Following thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love ;
 Looking when our LORD shall come,
 Longing, gasping after home :

There with thee we shall remain
 Partners of thine endless reign ;
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heav'n of heav'n in thee.

XCVI. PSALM 47.

O For a shout of sacred joy
 To God the sov'reign King!
 Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.

JESUS, our GOD, ascends on high!
 His heav'nly guards around,
 Attend him rising thro' the sky
 With trumpets joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their King,
 Let mortals learn their strains:
 Let all the earth his honor sing;
 O'er all the earth he reigns.

In Isr'el stood his ancient throne;
 He lov'd that chosen race:
 But now he calls the world his own,
 And heathens taste his grace.

The British Islands are the LORD's,
 There Abraham's GOD is known;
 While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords,
 Submit before his throne.

XCVII. PSALM 68: 17 &c.

LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky
 Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
 Like chariots that attend thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious, when the LORD was there;
 While he pronounc'd his dreadful Law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

Rais'd by his FATHER to the throne,
He sent the promis'd SPIRIT down,
With gifts and grace for rebel Men,
That GOD might dwell on earth again.

XCVIII.

LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly seats
Where your REDEEMER stays :
Kind INTERCESSOR, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeas'd stern Justice on the tree,
And then arose to GOD.

Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And Saints their off'rings bring,
The PRIEST with his own sacrifice
Presents them to the KING.

JESUS alone shall bear my cries
Up to his FATHER's throne :
He, dearest LORD ! perfumes my sighs
And sweetens ev'ry groan.

Ten thousand praises to the KING,
“ Hosanna in the high'st ! ”
Ten thousand thanks our Spirits bring
To GOD and to his CHRIST.

H.

XCIX. PSALM 2.

WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage,
 The Romans why their swords employ,
 Against the LORD their pow'rs engage,
 His dear anointed to destroy?

“ Come, let us break his bands,” they say,
 “ This Man shall never give us Laws; ”
 And thus they cast his yoke away,
 And nail'd their Monarch to the cross.

But GOD who high in glory reigns,
 Laughs at their pride, their rage controuls,
 He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
 And speak in thunder to their souls.

“ I will maintain the King I made,
 “ On Zion's everlasting hill :
 “ My hand shall bring him from the dead,
 “ And he shall stand your Sov'reign still.”

His wond'rous rising from the earth,
 Makes his eternal Godhead known :
 The LORD declares his heav'nly birth,
 “ This day have I begot my SON.

“ Ascend, my SON, to my right hand,
 “ There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
 “ The utmost bounds of Heathen land ;
 “ To thee the northern Isles shall bow.

But nations that resist his grace,
 Shall fall beneath his iron stroke :
 His Rod shall crush his foes with ease
 As potters earthen work is broke,

Now, ye that sit on earthly thrones,
Be wise, and serve the LORD, the LAMB;
Now at his feet submit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

With humble love address the SON,
Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealousy.

His storms shall drive you quick to hell
He is a GOD, and ye but dust:
Happy the souls that know him well,
And make his grace their only trust.

C.

WELL, the REDEEMER'S gone
T' appear before our GOD,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

No fiery Veng'ance now,
No burning wrath comes down:
If Justice calls for sinners' blood,
The SAVIOUR shews his own.

Before his FATHER'S eye
Our humble suit he moves;
The FATHER lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Now may our joyful tongues
Our MAKER'S honor sing;
JESUS the PRIEST receives our songs,
And bears them to the KING.

CI.

BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies ;
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries :
 But the dear stream, when CHRIST was slain,
 Speaks *Peace* as loud from ev'ry vein.

Pardon and peace from GOD on high ;
 Behold he lays his veng'ance by ;
 And Rebels that deserve his sword,
 Become the fav'rites of the LORD.

To JESUS let our praises rise,
 Who gave his life a sacrifice ;
 Now he appears before our GOD,
 And, for our pardon, pleads his blood.

CII.

OH, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
 The glories of the place,
 Where JESUS sheds the brightest beams
 Of his o'erflowing grace.

Sweet Majesty and awful love
 Sit smiling on his brow,
 And all the glorious ranks above
 At humble distance bow.

His head, the dear majestic head
 That cruel thorns did wound,
 See what immortal glories shine,
 And circle it around !

This is the MAN, th' exalted MAN,
 Whom we unseen adore ;
 But when our eyes behold his face,
 Our hearts shall love him more.

CIII.

NOW to the LORD a noble song !
 Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue :
 Hosanna to th' eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.

See where it shines in JESUS' face,
 The brightest image of his grace ;
 GOD, in the person of his SON,
 Has all his mightiest works outdone.

The spacious earth and spreading flood,
 Proclaim the wise and pow'rful GOD ;
 And thy rich glories from afar,
 Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

But in his looks a glory stands,
 The noblest labor of thine hands :
 The pleasing lustre of his eyes
 Outshines the wonders of the skies.

Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
 My thoughts rejoice at JESUS' name !
 Ye A·gels, dwell upon the sound ;
 Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground !

Oh, may I live to reach the place
 Where he unveils his lovely face !
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold !

CIV.

HOW glorious the LAMB
 Is seen on the throne !
 His labors are o'er,
 His conquests are won.

A Kingdom is given
 Into the LAMB's hand,
 In earth, and in heaven,
 For ever to stand.

Ye finners below
 Then trust in the LORD;
 Look up to his arm,
 His honor, his word;
 Athirst for his favour,
 His Godhead adore;
 Look up to your SAVIOUR,
 And joy evermore.

DESCENT OF THE SPIRIT.

CV.

GRANTED is the SAVIOUR's pray'r
 Now descends the COMFORTER;
 Promise of our parting LORD,
 JESUS to his heav'n restor'd.

Come, divine and peaceful guest,
 Enter our devoted breast;
 HOLY GHOST, our hearts inspire,
 Kindle there the Gospel-fire.

Crown the agonizing strife,
 Principle and LORD of life;
 Life divine in us renew,
 Thou the gift and giver too!

Bid our sin and sorrow cease,
 Fill us with thine heav'nly peace,
 Joy divine we then shall prove,
 Light of Truth, and fire of Love.

OFFICES, CHARACTERS AND
NAMES OF CHRIST.

CVI.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That Angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my SAVIOUR forth.

But, O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our REDEEMER use
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

Great PROPHET of my GOD,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our Salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

JESUS, my great HIGH PRIEST,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His pow'rful blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the throne.

My dear Almighty LORD,
My CONQU'ROUR and my KING,
Thy scepter and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the pow'r; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

PART II.

Array'd in mortal flesh,
 CHRIST like an ANGEL stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands :
 Commission'd from his Father's throne
 To make his grace to mortals known.

Be thou my COUNSELLOR,
 My PATTERN and my GUIDE ;
 And thro' this desert land
 Still keep me near thy side.
 O let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way !

I love my SHEPHERD's voice,
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 My wand'ring soul among
 The thousands of his sheep :
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender Lambs.

To this dear SURETY's hand
 Will I commit my cause ;
 He answers and fulfils
 His Father's broken laws.
 Behold my soul at freedom set ;
 My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

Then let my soul arise,
 And tread the Tempter down :
 My CAPTAIN leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown.
 A feeble faint shall win the day,
 Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

CVII.

COME worship at IMMANUEL's feet,
 See in his face what wonders meet !
 Earth is too narrow to express
 His worth, his glory, or his grace.

The whole creation can afford
 But some faint shadows of my LORD.
 Nature, to make his beauties known,
 Must mingle colours not her own.

Is he compar'd with WINE or BREAD ?
 Dear LORD ! our souls would thus be fed :
 That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
 Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.

Is he a TREE ? the world receives
 Salvation from his healing leaves :
 That righteous Branch, that fruitful Bough,
 Is David's root and offspring too.

Is he a ROSE ? Not Sharon yields
 Such fragrancy in all her fields :
 Or if the Lily he assume,
 The vallies bless the rich perfume.

Is he VINE ? His heav'nly root
 Supplies the boughs with life and fruit.
 O let a lasting union join
 My soul to CHRIST the living Vine.

Is he a FOUNTAIN ? There I bathe,
 And heal the plague of sin and death :
 These waters all my soul renew,
 And cleanse my spotted garments too.

Is he a ROCK ? How firm he proves ?
The Rock of ages never moves ;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert thro'.

Is he a WAY ? He leads to GOD ;
The path is drawn in lines of blood !
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.

Is he a DOOR ? I'll enter in :
Behold the pasture's large and green ;
A Paradise divinely fair,
None but the Sheep have freedom there.

Is he design'd the CORNER-STONE,
For Men to build their heav'n upon ?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

Is he a STAR ? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light ;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.

Is he a SUN ? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness :
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise !
There he displays his pow'rs abroad ;
And shines and reigns th' Incarnate God.

CVIII. PSALM 40 : 5 &c.

THE wonders, LORD, thy love has wrought,
 Exceed our praise, surmount our thought ;
 Should we attempt the long detail,
 Our speech would faint, our numbers fail.

No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
 Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt ;
 But thou hast set before our eyes,
 An all-sufficient sacrifice.

Lo ! thy beloved SON appears !
 To thy desires he bows his ears ;
 Assumes a body well prepar'd,
 And well performs a work so hard.

“ Behold, I come,” (the SAVIOUR cries,
 With love and duty in his eyes)

“ I come to bear the heavy load

“ Of sins, and do thy will, my GOD.

“ 'Tis written in thy great decree,

“ 'Tis in thy book foretold of me,

“ I must fulfil the SAVIOUR's part ;

“ And lo ! thy Law is in my heart.

“ I'll magnify thy holy Law,

“ And Rebels to obedience draw,

“ When on my cross I'm lifted high,

“ Or to my crown above the sky :

“ The SPIRIT shall descend, and shew

“ What thou hast done, and what I do ;

“ The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,

“ Thy wisdom, and thy righteousness.

CIX.

J E S U, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last !

Other REFUGE have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want ;
 More than all in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness !
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make, and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity !

CX.

THOU SHEPHERD of Israel divine,
 The joy and desire of my heart;
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where thou art :
 The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all, who their SHEPHERD obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Are screen'd from the heat of the day.

Ah ! shew me that happiest place,
 That place of thy peoples abode ;
 Where saints in an extasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucify'd God :
 Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree ;
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer, and triumph with thee.

'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only I covet to rest ;
 To lie at the foot of the Rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast ;
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart,
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thine heart.

CXI. PSALM 118 : 22. &c.

BEHOLD the sure FOUNDATION-STONE
 Which GOD in Zion lays,
 To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
 And his eternal praise.

I.

Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
 And saints adore the name;
 They trust their whole salvation here,
 Nor shall they suffer shame.

The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain;
 Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
 And envy rage in vain.

What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise:
 'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
 And wond'rous in our eyes.

CXII.

OUR SHEPHERD alone,
 The LORD, let us bless;
 Who sits on the throne,
 The Prince of our peace;
 Who evermore saves us
 By shedding his blood;
 All hail, holy JESUS,
 Our LORD, and our GOD!

We daily will sing
 Thy merits and praise,
 Thou merciful spring
 Of pity and grace:
 Thy kindness for ever
 To men we will tell,
 And say our dear SAVIOUR
 Redeems us from hell.

Preserve us in love
 While here we abide,
 Nor ever remove,
 Nor cover, nor hide.

Thy glorious salvation;
 Till joyful we see
 The beautiful vision
 Completed in thee!

CXIII. PSALM 23.

MY SHEPHERD will supply my need,
 JEHOVAH is his name;
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
 Beside the living stream.

He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
 When I forsake his ways :
 And leads me for his mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk thro' the shades of death,
 Thy presence is my stay ;
 A word of thy supporting breath,
 Drives all my fears away.

Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
 Doth still my table spread ;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days ;
 O may thine house be mine abode,
 And all my work be praise.

There would I find a settled rest,
 (While others go and come)
 No more a stranger or a guest,
 But like a child at home.

CXIV.

W H E N my SAVIOUR, my SHEPHERD
is near,

How quickly my sorrows depart !
New beauties around me appear,
New spirits enliven my heart.
His presence gives peace to my soul,
And Satan assaults me in vain,
If my SHEPHERD his power controul,
I think I no more shall complain.

But alas ! what a change do I find, (sigh !
When my SHEPHERD withdraws from my
My fears all return to my mind,
My day is soon chang'd into night.
Then Satan his efforts renews
To vex and ensnare me again ;
All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,
And can only lament and complain.

By these changes I often pass through,
I am taught my own weakness to know ;
I am taught what my SHEPHERD can do,
And how much to his mercy I owe.
It is he who supports me thro' all,
When I faint he revives me again ;
He attends to my pray'r when I call
And bids me longer complain.

Wherefore then should I murmur and grieve,
Since my SHEPHERD is always the same,
And has promis'd he never will leave,
The soul that confides in his name ?
To relieve me from all that I fear,
He was buffeted, tempted and slain ;
And at length he will surely appear,
Tho' he leaves me awhile to complain.

While I dwell in an enemy's land,
 Can I hope to be always at peace?
 'Tis enough that my SHEPHERD's at hand,
 And that shortly this warfare will cease.
 For ere long he will bid me remove,
 From this region of sorrow and pain,
 To abide in his presence above,
 And then I no more shall complain.

CXV.

THE FOUNTAIN of CHRIST.

Assist me to sing;
 The blood of our Priest,
 Our crucify'd King;
 Which perfectly cleanses
 From sin and from filth,
 And richly dispenses
 Salvation and health

This fountain unseal'd
 Stands open for all,
 That long to be heal'd
 The great and the small;
 Here's strength for the weakly,
 That hither are led;
 Here's health for the sickly;
 Here's life for the dead.

This fountain, tho' rich,
 From charge is quite clear;
 The poorer the wretch
 The welcomer here.

Come needy, come guilty,
 Come lothesome and bare;
 You can't come too filthy—
 Come just as you are.

CXVI.

MY dear REDEEMER and my LORD !
 I read my duty in thy word ;
 But in thy LIFE, the LAW appears
 Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
 Such def'rence to thy FATHER's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r ;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

Be thou my PATTERN ; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here ;
 Then GOD the judge shall own my name
 Amongst the follow'rs of the LAMB.

CXVII.

GUIDE me, O thou great JEHOVAH,
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land,
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand ;
 Bread of heaven, *Bread of heaven*,
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong deliverer, *Strong deliverer*,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction.
 Land me safe on Canaan's side,
 Songs of praises, *Songs of praises*,
 I will ever give to thee.

CXVIII.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flow'd
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfil thy Law's demands:
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone:
 Thou must save, and thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly:
 Wash me, SAVIOUR, or I die.

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath——
 When my eye-strings break in death——
 When I soar thro' tracts unknown——
 See thee on thy judgement-throne——
 Rock of ages, cleft for me
 Let me hide myself in THEE.

CXIX.

BURY'D in shadows of the night,
We lie till CHRIST restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Our very frame is mix'd with sin;
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

JESUS beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness,
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O LORD, to thee.

CXX.

HOW heavy is the the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till CHRIST with his reviving light;
Over our souls arise!

Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n;
But in his RIGHTEOUSNESS array'd
We see our sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
 Are all our thoughts and ways,
 His hands infected nature cure
 With sanctifying grace.

The pow'rs of hell agree
 To hold our souls in vain ;
 He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks the curf'd chain.

LORD, we adore thy ways,
 To bring us near to GOD ;
 Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
 And thine atoning blood.

CXXI.

SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,
 And in that name we trust ;
 Thou art the LORD our righteousness,
 Thou art our only boast.

Guilty we plead before thy throne,
 And low in dust we lie,
 Till JESUS stretch his gracious arm
 To bring the guilty nigh.

The sins of one most righteous day
 Might plunge us in despair ;
 Yet all the crimes of num'rous years
 Shall our great SURETY clear.

THAT spotless Robe, which he hath wrought,
 D^e Shall deck us all around ;
 B^y by the piercing eye of GOD
 One blemish shall be found.

CXXII.

JESUS, thy RIGHTEOUSNESS divine,
Is all my glory, all my trust ;
Nor will I fear, if that be mine,
While JESUS lives, and GOD is just.

My guilt ! 'tis of a crimson dye !
And black as hell my various sin !
Yet—JESU's blood can purify,
And wash my filthy nature clean.

Tho ragged to my shame, or bare
My wretched soul's by nature found ;
His Righteousness he bids me wear,
And throws the noble mantle round.

Clad in this Robe, how bright I shine !
Angels might envy such a dress ;
Angels have not a Robe like mine,
A Robe like JESU's Righteousness.

CXXIII.

JESU, thy BLOOD and RIGHTEOUSNESS
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies ;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
“ JESUS hath LIV'D, hath DY'D for me.”

Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
Fully thro' these absolv'd I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Thus ABRAHAM the friend of GOD,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,
 SAVIOUR of sinners thee proclaim;
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

This spotless robe the same appears,
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
 No age can change its glorious hue,
 The grace of CHRIST is ever new.

O let the dead now hear thy voice.
 Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 JESUS THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

CXXIV.

NO more, my GOD, I boast no more
 Of all the duties I have done;
 I quit the hopes I held before,
 To trust the merits of thy SON.

Now for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain I count but loss:
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his cross.

Yes, and I must and will esteem
 All things but loss for JESUS' sake:
 O may my soul be found in him,
 And of his Righteousness partake!

The best obedience of my hands,
 Dares not appear before thy throne;
 But faith can answer thy demands,
 By pleading what my LORD has done.

CXXV.

VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men
 On their own works have built ;
 Their hearts by nature all unclean,
 And all their actions guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
 Without a murm'ring word,
 And the whole race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the LORD.

In vain we ask GOD's righteous Law
 To justify us now,
 Since to convince and to condemn
 Is all the Law can do.

JESUS, how glorious is thy grace !
 When in thy name we trust,
 Our faith receives a Righteousness
 That makes the sinner just.

CXXVI.

A WAKE, my heart, arise my tongue,
 Prepare a tuneful voice,
 In GOD, the life of all my joys,
 Aloud will I rejoice.

'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
 And made SALVATION mine ;
 Upon a poor polluted worm
 He makes his graces shine.

And lest the shadow of a spot,
 Should on my soul be found,
 He took the Robe the SAVIOUR wrought,
 And cast it all around.

How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
 What earthly Princes wear!
 These ornaments, how bright they shine!
 How white the garments are!

The SPIRIT wrought my faith, and love,
 And hope, and ev'ry grace;
 But JESUS spent his life to work
 The robe of Righteousness.

Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
 By the great sacred THREE!
 In sweetest harmony of praise
 Let all thy pow'rs agree.

CXXVII.

JESUS, thou art my Righteousness,
 For all my sins were thine;
 Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
 Thy life hath made him mine:

My dying SAVIOUR and my GOD!
 Fountain for guilt and sin!
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
 Wash me and mine thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, and heart;

Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full enjoyment die,
 And all my soul be love!

CXXVIII.

H A D I ten thousand gifts beside,
 I'd cleave to JESUS crucify'd,
 And build on him alone :
 For no foundation is there giv'n
 On which I'd place my hopes of heav'n
 But CHRIST the corner-stone.

Possessing CHRIST, I all possess ;
 Wisdom, and Strength, and Righteousness,
 And Sanctity complete :
 Bold in his name I dare draw nigh,
 Before the ruler of the sky,
 And all his justice meet.

CXXIX.

W H O can have greater cause to sing,
 Who greater cause to bless,
 Than we the children of the King,
 Than we who CHRIST possess ?

We late were Satan's captives led,
 And hell had been our end :
 Had'st thou not for our pardon bled,
 Thou sinner's only FRIEND.

For this we ne'er will hold our tongue,
 Nor shall our praises cease ;
 We evermore will sing that song
 The LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

'Twas thou, 'twas only thou did'st take
 The MEDIATOR's place,
 When we the FATHER's statutes brake,
 All hail ! thou PRINCE OF PEACE.

We daily prove thee still the same,
 Whene'er our need we see;
 Thou bearest still a Saviour's name,
 Our SAVIOUR thou shalt be.

Nor law, nor sin, nor hell, nor death,
 Shall us from thee divide;
 Strongly we hold that precious faith,
 FOR US OUR SAVIOUR DY'D.

CXXX.

I'VE found the Pearl of greatest price,
 My heart doth sing for joy:
 And sing I must, a CHRIST I have,
 O what a CHRIST have I!

My CHRIST, he is the Lord of Lords,
 He is the King of Kings;
 He is the Sun of Righteousness,
 With healing in his wings.

CHRIST is my meat, CHRST is my drink,
 My phyfic, and my health;
 My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
 My glory, and my wealth.

CHRIST is my Father, and my Friend,
 My Brother, and my Love;
 My head, my hope, my counsellor,
 My advocate above.

My CHRIST he is the Heav'n of Heav'n,
 My CHRIST what shall I call?
 My CHRIST is first, my CHRIST is last,
 MY CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL,

CXXXI.

LAMB of GOD, we fall before thee,
 Humbly trusting in thy cross;
 That alone be all our glory,
 All things else are dung and dross.
 Thee we own a perfect SAVIOUR,
 Only source of all that's good:
 Ev'ry grace, and ev'ry favor
 Come to us thro' JESU's blood.

JESUS gives us true repentance
 By his SPIRIT sent from heav'n;
 JESUS whispers this sweet sentence,
 " Son thy sins are all forgiv'n ;"
 Faith he gives us to believe it ;
 Grateful hearts his love to prize ;
 Want we wisdom ? he must give it ;
 Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

JESUS gives us pure affections,
 Wills to do what he requires ;
 Makes us follow his directions,
 And what he commands, inspires.
 All our pray'rs, and all our praises,
 Rightly offer'd in his name,
 He that dictates them is JESUS ;
 He that answers, is the same.

When we live on JESU's merit,
 Then we worship GOD aright :
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
 Then we savingly unite.
 This the whole conclusion of it,
 Great or good whate'er we call ;
 GOD, or KING, or PRIEST, or PROPHET,
 JESUS CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

THE BEAUTY AND SAFETY
OF THE CHURCH.

CXXXII. PSALM 48.

FA R as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O LORD, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

With joy let Judah stand
On Sion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.

The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

The GOD we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our GOD while here below,
And ours above the sky.

CXXXIII. PSALM 27.

THE LORD of glory is my light
 And my salvation too ;
 God is my strength ; nor will I fear
 What all my foes can do.

One privilege my heart desires ;
 O grant me an abode
 Among the Churches of thy Saints,
 The temples of my God.

There shall I offer my requests,
 And see thy beauty still ;
 Shall hear thy messages of love,
 And there inquire thy will.

When troubles rise, and storms appear,
 There may his children hide ;
 God has a strong pavillion, where
 He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high
 Above my foes around,
 And songs of joy and victory
 Within thy temple sound.

CXXXIV.

HOW honorable is the place
 Where we adoring stand ;
 Zion, the glory of the earth,
 And beauty of the land !

Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
 The city where we dwell ;
 The walls, of strong salvation made,
 Defy th' assaults of hell,

Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known JEHOVAH's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.

Trust in the LORD, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the LORD JEHOVAH dwells,
Eternal as his years.

CXXXV.

B E S E T with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
SAVIOUR divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Great God! to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasure with me bear.

If thou, my JESUS, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and cheerful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

C O M P A S S I O N.

CXXXVI

W I T H joy we meditate the grace
Of our HIGH-PRIEST above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what fore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent and pure,
The great REDEEMER stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r,
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

CXXXVII.

A R I S E, my tend'rest thoughts, arise,
To torrents melt my streaming eyes !
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils, which thou can'st not heal !

See human nature sunk in shame!
 See scandals pour'd on JESU's name!
 The FATHER wounded thro' the SON!
 The world abus'd, the soul undone!

See the short course of vain delight
 Closing in everlasting night!
 In flames that no abatement know,
 The briny tears for ever flow.

My GOD, I feel the mournful scene;
 My bowels yern o'er dying men;
 And fain my pity wou'd reclaim,
 And snatch the firebrands from the flame!

But feeble my compassion proves,
 And can but weep where most it loves;
 Thine own all-saving arm employ,
 And turn those drops of grief to joy.



C O N V E R S I O N.

CXXXVIII.

LET us ask th' important question
 (Brethren be not too secure)
 What it is to be a Christian;
 How we may our hearts assure.
 Vain is all our best devotion,
 If on false foundations built:
 True Religion's more than notion,
 Something must be known and felt.

O! beware of fondly thinking
 God accepts thee for thy tears,
 Are the ship-wreck'd sav'd by sinking?
 Can the ruin'd rise by fears?
 O! beware of trust ill-grounded:
 'Tis but fancied faith at most,
 To be cur'd, and not be wounded;
 To be sav'd before you're lost.

No big words of ready talkers,
 No dry doctrine will suffice.
 Broken hearts, and humble walkers,
 These are dear in JESU'S eyes.
 Tinkling sounds of disputation,
 Naked knowledge all are vain:
 Ev'ry soul, that gains Salvation,
 MUST, AND SHALL BE BORN AGAIN.

CXXXIX.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
 Nor rites that GOD has giv'n,
 Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
 Can raise a soul to heav'n.

The sov'reign will of GOD alone
 Creates us heirs of grace;
 Born in the image of his SON,
 A new peculiar race,

The SPIRIT, like some heav'nly wind,
 Blows on the sons of flesh,
 New-models all the carnal mind,
 And forms the man afresh.

Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
 From the long sleep of death;
 On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
 And praise employs our breath.

CXL.

WHEN with my mind devoutly prest,
 Dear SAVIOUR, my revolving breast
 Wou'd past offences trace;
 Trembling I make the black review,
 Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
 The pow'r of changing grace.

This *Tongue*, with blasphemies defil'd,
 These *Feet*, to erring paths beguil'd,
 In heav'nly league agree;
 Who could believe such *Lips* could praise,
 Or think my dark and winding *Ways*
 Should ever lead to thee?

These *Eyes*, that once abus'd their sight,
 Now lift to thee their watry light,
 And weep a silent flood;
 These *Hands* ascend in ceaseless pray'r;
 O wash away the stains they wear,
 In pure redeeming blood!

These *Ears*, that pleas'd could entertain
 The midnight oath, the lustful strain,
 When round the festal board;
 Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
 Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
 And press to hear thy word.

Thus art thou serv'd in every part;
 And now thou dost transform my *Heart*,
 That drossy thing refine:
 Now grace doth nature's strength controul,
 And a new creature——body——soul,
 Are, LORD, forever thine!

CXLI. PsAM 126.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess ;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace ;

“ Great is the work,” my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the pow'r divine ;
“ Great is the work,” my heart reply'd,
“ And be the glory thine.”

The LORD can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come.
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

Tho' seed lie bury'd long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope !
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

CXLII.

AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

GOD my REDEEMER lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.

These lively hopes we owe
To JESUS' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.

Dear LORD, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

L.

CXLIII.

HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
 For all the pious dead ;
 Sweet is the favor of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in JESUS and are bless'd ;
 How kind their slumbers are !
 From suff'rings and from sins releas'd
 And free'd from ev'ry snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the LORD ;
 The labors of their mortal life,
 End in a large reward.

CXLIV.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
 If GOD be with us there ;
 We may walk thro' its darkest shade,
 And never yield to fear.

I could renounce my all below,
 If my Creator bid ;
 And run, if I were call'd to go,
 And die as Moses did.

Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
 And view the promis'd land,
 My flesh itself would long to drop,
 And pray for the command.

Clasp'd in my heav'nly FATHER's arms,
 I would forget my breath,
 And lose my life among the charms
 Of so divine a death.

CXLV.

WHY do we mourn departing friends?
 Or shake at Death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that JESUS sends
 To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor would we with the hours more slow,
 To keep us from our love.

Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of JESUS lay,
 And left a long perfume.

The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
 And soft'ned ev'ry bed:
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying head?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And shew'd our feet the way:
 Up to the LORD our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising-day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise:
 Awake, ye nations under ground;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

CXLVI.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign:
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flow'rs :
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green :
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

O ! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unclouded eyes !

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landskip o'er,
 Not Jordan's streams, nor Death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

CXLVII.

WHY should we start, and fear to die ?
 What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away ;
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

O! if my LORD would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

JESUS can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

CXLVIII.

SONS of GOD by blest adoption,
View the dead with steady eyes,
What is sown thus in corruption,
Shall in incorruption rise.
What is sown in death's dishonor,
Shall revive to glory's light.
What is sown in this weak manner,
Shall be rais'd in matchless might.

Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
We commit our *Brother's* dust.
Keep it safely softly sleeping;
Till our LORD demand thy trust.
Sweetly sleep, dear faint, in JESUS.
Thou with us, shalt wake from death.
Hold he cannot, tho' he seize us:
We his pow'r defy by faith.

JESUS, thy rich consolations
To thy mourning people send.
May we all with faith and patience,
Wait for our approaching end.

Keep from courage vain or vaunted.
 For our change our hearts prepare.
 Give us confidence undaunted,
 Cheerful hope, and godly fear.

CXLIX. PSALM 39.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou maker of my frame !
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast,
 An inch or two of time ;
 Man is but vanity and dust,
 In all his flow'r and prime.

See the vain race of mortals move,
 Like shadows o'er the plain ;
 They rage and strive, desire and love,
 But all their noise is vain.

Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
 Some dig for golden ore ;
 They toil for heirs, they know not who,
 And straight are seen no more.

What should I wish, or wait for then,
 From creatures, earth, and dust ?
 They make our expectations vain,
 And disappoint our trust.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
 My fond desires recall ;
 I give my mortal int'rest up,
 And make my GOD my ALL

CL.

THE E we adore, eternal name !
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we.

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase ;
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave ;
 Whate'er we do where'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.

Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb ;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.

Good God ! on what a slender thread,
 Hang everlasting things !
 Th' eternal states of all the dead,
 Upon life's feeble strings.

Infinite joy or endless woe
 Attends on ev'ry breath ;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death !

Waken, O LORD, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dang'rous road ;
 And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
 May they be found with God.

CLI

O For an overcoming faith,
 To cheer my dying hours,
 To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
 And all his frightful pow'rs !

Joyful with all the strength I have,
 My quiv'ring lips should sing,
 " Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave ;
 " And where the Monster's sting ? "

If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure ;
 Death hath no sting beside ;
 The Law gives sin its damning pow'r ;
 But CHRIST, my ransom, dy'd.

Now to the GOD of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conqu'rors while we die
 Thro' CHRIST our living head.

F A I T H.

CLII.

HOW sad our state by nature is !
 Our sin how deep it stains !
 And Satan binds our captive minds
 Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word ;
 " Ho ! ye despairing sinners come,
 " And trust upon the LORD."

My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
And runs to this relief :
I would believe thy promise, LORD ;
O ! help my unbelief.

To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate GOD ! I fly ;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My raging sins subdue ;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall :
Be thou my strength and Righteousness,
My JESUS, and my ALL.

CLIII.

OUR GOD, how firm his promise stands !
Ev'n when he hides his face,
He trusts in our REDEEMER's hands,
His glory and his grace.

Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since CHRIST and we are one ?
Thy GOD is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his SON.

Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n possess'd ;
I praise his name for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

CLIV.

I'M not aſham'd to own my LORD,
Or to defend his cauſe,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his croſs.

JESUS, my GOD ! I know his name,
His name is all my truſt ;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.

Firm as his throne his promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the deciſive hour.

Then will he own my worthleſs name
Before his FATHER's face,
And in the new Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

CLV.

FIRM as the earth thy goſpel ſtands,
My LORD, my hope, my truſt ;
If I am found in JESUS' hands,
My ſoul can ne'er be loſt.

His honor is engag'd to ſave
The meanest of his ſheep ;
All that his heav'nly FATHER gave,
His hands ſecurely keep.

Nor death nor hell ſhall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breaſt ;
In the dear boſom of his love,
They muſt for ever reſt.

CLVI.

NOT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

But **CHRIST** the heav'nly **LAMB**
 Takes all our sins away;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the **LAMB** with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

CLVII.

GOD of my salvation, hear,
 And help me to believe;
 Simply do I now draw near,
 Thy blessing to receive:
 Full of guilt, alas! I am,
 But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
 Friend of sinners, spotless **LAMB**,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,
 Nor can thy grace procure;
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, thou know'st, am poor;
 Dust and ashes is my name,
 My all is sin and misery:
 Friend of sinners, spotless LAMB,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

Without money, without price,
 I come thy love to buy;
 From myself I turn my eyes,
 The chief of sinners I:
 Take, O take me, as I am,
 And let me lose myself in thee;
 Friend of sinners, spotless LAMB,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

CLVIII.

WHO shall the LORD's elect condemn?
 'Tis GOD that justifies their souls;
 And mercy, like a mighty stream,
 O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
 'Tis CHRIST that suffer'd in their stead;
 And the salvation to fulfil,
 Behold him rising from the dead!

He lives! he lives, and sits above,
 For ever interceding there:
 Who shall divide us from his love?
 Or what should tempt us to despair?

Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
He that hath lov'd us, bears us thro',
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying hour :
CHRIST is our life, our joy, our hope ;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from CHRIST our love.

CLIX.

MISTAKEN souls that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living pow'r unites
To CHRIST, the living head.

'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;
'Tis faith that works by love ;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial pow'r ;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

M.

CLX.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
 To him that earth's foundation laid :
 Praise to the GOD whose strong decrees,
 Sway the creation as he please.

Praise to the goodness of the LORD,
 Who rules his people by his word,
 And there, as strong as his decrees,
 He sets his kindest promises.

Whence then should doubts and fears arise ?
 Why trickling sorrows drown your eyes ?
 Slowly, alas ! our mind receives
 The comforts that our MAKER gives.

O for a strong and lasting faith
 To credit what th' ALMIGHTY faith !
 T' embrace the message of his SON,
 And call the joys of heav'n our own.

CLXI

HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
 To rend my soul from thee my GOD ?
 But everlasting is thy love,
 And JESUS seals it with his blood.

The oath and promise of the LORD,
 Join to confirm the wond'rous grace ;
 Eternal pow'r performs the word,
 And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

Amidst temptations sharp and long,
 My soul to this dear refuge flies ;
 Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
 While tempests blow and billows rise.

The Gospel bears my spirits up ;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

CLXII.

O My distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears !
But greater, LORD, thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears :
Did JESUS *once* upon me shine ?
Then JESUS is *for ever* mine.

Unchangeable his will,
Whatever be my frame :
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same :
My soul thro' many changes goes ;
His love no variation knows.

Thou, LORD, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work thou hast begun
In me a sinful worm :
Midst all my fear, and sin, and woe,
Thy SPIRIT will not let me go.

The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move :
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that GOD is love !
My-soul into thy arms I cast ;
I know I shall be sav'd at last.

CLXIII.

HERE at thy cross, my dying God,
 I lay my soul beneath thy love,
 Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
 JESUS ! nor shall it e'er remove.

Not all that tyrants think or say,
 With rage and light'ning in their eyes,
 Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
 Should hell with all its legions rise.

Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
 Moveless and firm this heart should lie :
 Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
 If I must perish, there to die.

But speak, my LORD, and calm my fear ;
 Am I not safe beneath thy shade !
 Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
 Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
 And all my foes shall lose their aim :
 Hosanna to my dying God ;
 And my best honors to his name.

CLXIV.

COME, my soul, before the LAMB,
 Fall and do him rev'rence ;
 Bless him for his blood and name,
 Sing his great deliv'rance.

Why should sorrow bow thee down,
 Trials or temptation !
 Is not CHRIST upon the throne
 Still thy strong salvation ?

Cast thy burdens on the LORD,
 Leave them with thy SAVIOUR;
 HE (whose hands for thee were bor'd)
 Can and will deliver.

'Turn thee to thy rest, my soul,
 Turn thee and discover
 How he yet is merciful,
 Turn thee to thy lover.

Blush that thou hast him forgot,
 Who can happy make thee;
 Gaze upon him who thee bought,
 Till to him he takes thee.

CLXV.

O Love! thou bottomless abyfs!
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee:
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 From condemnation I am free:
 Whilst JESU'S blood, thro' earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless Mercy! cries.

By FAITH, I plunge me in that sea;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
 Hither, when hell assaults, I flee:
 I look into my SAVIOUR'S breast:
 Away sad doubts, and anxious fear—
 MERCY—is all that's written there.

Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head;
 Tho' strength, and health, and friends be
 Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead; [gone;
 Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn:
 Stedfast on this my soul relies,
 FATHER—thy *MERCY never dies.*

Fix'd on this ground would I remain,
 Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay;
 This Anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away:
 MERCY's full pow'r, I then shall prove,
 Fulness of HEAV'N—of GOD—of LOVE.

G R A C E.

CLXVI.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear!
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd a way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps, *that* grace display,
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.

'Twas Grace that wrote my name,
 In thy eternal book:
 'Twas Grace that gave me to the LAMB,
 Who all my sorrows took.

Grace forc'd my roving feet
 To tread the heav'nly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
 And made my eyes o'erflow:
 'Twas Grace which kept me to this day,
 And will not let me go.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days ;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone ;
And well deserves the praise.

CLXVII.

GRACE ! how exceeding sweet to those
Who truly sinners are ;
Sunk and distrest, they taste and know,
Their heav'n is only there.

Thus Grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,
" Directly come, who will,
" Just as you are ; for CHRIST receives
" Poor helpless sinners still."

We thirst, O LORD ; give us each day
To taste more of this Grace,
More of that stream, which from the Rock
Flow'd thro' the wilderness.

'Tis Grace alone that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor ;
And, O that nothing else but Grace
May rule for evermore.

HAPPINESS IN GOD.

CLXVIII.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting ALL ;
I've none but thee, in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light :
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my REDEEMER shews his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.

To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode ;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee ?
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me ?

Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own ;
Without thy graces and thy self
I were a wretch undone.

Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

CLXIX.

MY God, my Life, my Love,
 To thee, to thee I call;
 I cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art ALL in ALL.

Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell;
 'Tis Paradise when thou art here;
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.

The smilings of thy face;
 How amiable they are!
 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
 And no where else but there.

To thee, and thee alone,
 The Angels owe their bliss;
 They sit around thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where JESUS is.

Not all the harps above
 Can make a heav'nly place,
 If God his residence remove,
 Or but conceal his face.

Nor earth, nor all the sky,
 Can one delight afford;
 No, not a drop of real joy,
 Without thy presence, LORD.

Be thou the sea of LOVE,
 Where all my pleasures roll:
 The circle where my passions move,
 And center of my soul,

To thee my spirits fly,
 With pure, sincere desire;
 And yet, how far from thee I lie!
 Dear JESUS, raise me higher.

CLXX.

MY GOD! the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights!

In darkest shades if he appear,
 My dawning is begun!
 He is my soul's sweet MORNING-STAR,
 And he my rising SUN.

The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
 With beams of sacred blifs,
 While JESUS shews his heart is mine,
 And whispers, "I am his!"

My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way
 T' embrace my dearest LORD.

Fearless of hell and gasty death,
 I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Should bear me conqu'ror thro'.

Then shall I see thy lovely face,
 With strong immortal eyes;
 And feast upon thy unknown grace,
 With pleasure and surprize.

HARDNESS OF HEART LAMENTED.

CLXXI.

MY Heart, how dreadful hard it is !

How heavy here it lies ;

Heavy and cold within my breast,

Just like a rock of ice !

When smiling mercy courts my soul

With all its heav'nly charms,

This stubborn, this relentless thing,

Would thrust it from my arms.

Against the thunders of thy word

Rebellious I have stood ;

My heart, it shakes not at the wrath

And terrors of a God.

Dear SAVIOUR, steep this rock of mine

In thine own crimson sea !

None but a bath of blood divine

Can melt the flint away.

CLXXII.

O ! For a glance of heav'nly day,

To take this stubborn stone away ;

And thaw with beams of love divine

This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

The rocks can rent ; the earth can quake ;

The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;

Of feeling all things shew some sign,

But this unfeeling heart of mine.

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
 Dear LORD, an adamant would melt :
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing move this heart of mine.

Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
 (Amazing thought !) which Devils fear :
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.

But something yet can do the deed,
 And that dear something much I need :
 O ! may thy SPIRIT now refine
 From dross, and melt this heart of mine.

CLXXIII.

O UR HEART, that flinty stubborn thing,
 That terrors cannot move,
 That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
 Shall be dissolv'd by love :

Or he can take the flint away,
 That would not be refin'd,
 And from the treasures of his grace,
 Bestow a softer mind.

There shall his sacred SPIRIT dwell,
 And deep engrave his Law ;
 And ev'ry motion of our souls
 To swift obedience draw.

Thus will he pour Salvation down,
 And we shall render praise ;
 We the dear people of his love,
 And he our GOD of grace.

H E A V E N.

CLXXIV.

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd;
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my Heav'n, my All.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heav'nly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll,
 Across my peaceful breast.

CLXXV.

DESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
 Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
 And mount and bear us far above
 The reach of these inferior things:

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
 Up where eternal ages roll,
 Where solid pleasures never die,
 And fruits immortal feast the soul.

N.

O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty FATHER's throne !
There sits our SAVIOUR crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall ;
The GOD shines gracious thro' the MAN,
And sheds sweet glories on them all !

O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King !

When shall the day, dear LORD, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst 'em there,
And view thy face, and sing and love ?

CLXXVI.

I Send the joys of earth away,
Away ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulph of black despair ;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

LORD, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss :
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above;
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies !

There from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

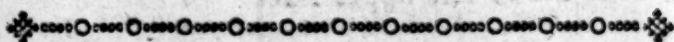
CLXXVII.

AWAY with our sorrow and fear !
Believers will soon be at home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come:
From earth we shall quickly remove,
Fly up to our native abode;
The house of our FATHER above,
The palace of angels and God.

Ah ! who upon earth can conceive
The bliss that in heaven they share ?
And who this dark world would not leave,
And cheerfully dye to be there ?
Where CHRIST is our Light and our Sun,
And we by reflection shall shine;
With him everlastingly One,
And bright in effulgence divine !

'Tis good at thy word, to be here ;
'Tis better in Thee to be gone ;
And see Thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share of thy throne :

The tears shall be wip'd from our eyes,
When Thee we behold in the cloud ;
And echo the joys of the skies,
And shout to the trumpet of God.



H O L I N E S S.

CLXXVIII.

O That the LORD would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still !
O that my GOD would grant me grace,
To know and do his will !

O send thy SPIRIT down to write
Thy Law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off my eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, LORD,
But keep my conscience clear.

Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

CLXXIX.

CHRISTIANS in your sev'ral stations,
 Dutiful to all relations,
 Give to each his proper due :
 Let not their unkind behaviour
 Make you disobey your SAVIOUR,
 His *command's* the rule for you.

PARENTS, be to children tender ;
 CHILDREN, full obedience render
 To your parents, in the LORD :
 Never slight, nor disrespect them ;
 Nor thro' pride, when old, reject them ;
 'Tis the precept of the word.

WIVES, to husbands yield subjection ;
 HUSBANDS, with a kind affection
 Cherish, as yourselves, your wives.

MASTERS, rule with moderation,
 Sway'd by justice, not by passion,
 To the scriptures square your lives.

SERVANTS, serve your masters truly ;
 Not unfaithful, nor unruly,

To the good—nor to the bad ;
 Not refusing what you're bidden ;
 Nor replying when you're chidden ;
 'Tis the ordinance of GOD.

This shall solve th' important question,

Whether thou'rt a real christian

Better than each golden dream :

Better far than lip-expression,

Tow'ring notions, great profession,

This shall shew your love to him.

CLXXX.

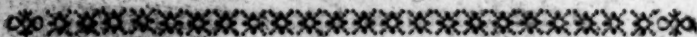
SO let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our SAVIOUR-GOD;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up;
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the LORD,
And Faith stands leaning on his word.

See Hymns on Sanctification.



H U M I L I T Y.

CLXXXI.

LORD, if thou the grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my MASTER be,
Rooted in humility.

From the time that thee I know,
Nothing would I seek below;
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both in heart and eye.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Chang'd into a little child ;
 Pleas'd with all the LORD provides,
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

FATHER fix my soul on thee ;
 Ev'ry evil let me flee !
 Nothing want beneath, above,
 Happy in thy precious love.

O ! that all may seek, and find
 Every good in JESUS join'd !
 Him let Israel still adore,
 Trust him, praise him evermore.

CLXXXII. PSALM 51.

SHEW pity, LORD ; O LORD, forgive ;
 Let a repenting rebel live :
 Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?

My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The pow'r and glory of thy grace ;
 Great God ! thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pard'ning love be found.

O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean ;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace,
 LORD, should thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

Should sudden veng'ance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet save a trembling sinner, LORD,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

CLXXXIII. PSALM 51. 2d PART.

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin ;
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant-breath,
The seeds of Sin, grow up for Death :
Thy Law demands a perfect heart ;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

Behold, I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is thy grace :
No outward-forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.

JESUS, my God ! thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul, hath rest or ease :
LORD, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

CLXXXIV. PSALM 51. 3d. PART.

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry !
 Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin :
 Let thy good SPIRIT ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

I cannot live without thy light ;
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :
 Thy holy joys, my GOD, restore,
 And guard me that I fall no more.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
 Look down, O LORD ! with pitying eye,
 And save the soul condemn'd to die.

Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
 Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;
 I'll lead them to my SAVIOUR's blood,
 And they shall praise a pard'ning GOD.

O may thy love inspire my tongue !
 Salvation shall be all my song ;
 And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
 The LORD, my strength and righteousness.

CLXXXV.

JESUS, from my proud heart remove
 The bane of self-admiring love !
 O make me feel and own with shame,
 I less and worse than nothing am.
 The least of saints with pity see ;
 The chief of sinners save, in me.

For a PUBLIC FAST.

CLXXXVI.

LORD, look on all assembled here;
 Who in thy presence stand,
 To offer up united pray'r
 For this our sinful land.

Oft have we, each in private, pray'd
 Our Country might find grace.
 Now hear the same petitions made
 In this appointed place.

Or, if amongst us some be met,
 So careless of their sin,
 They have not cried for mercy yet,
LORD, let them now begin.

O may we all, with one consent,
 Fall low before thy throne,
 With tears, the nation's sins lament,
 The Church's, and our own.

Great God of hosts, deliv'rance bring,
 Guide those that hold the helm;
 Support the state; preserve the King;
 And spare the guilty realm.

Or if the dread decree be past,
 And we must feel thy rod;
 May faith and patience hold us fast
 To our correcting God.

Whatever be our destin'd case,
 Accept us in thy Son.
 Give us his Gospel and his Grace
 And then thy will be done.

INCONSTANCY LAMENTED.

CLXXXVII.

WHY is my heart so far from thee,
 My God, my chief delight?
 Why are my thoughts no more by day
 With thee, no more by night?

Why should my foolish passions rove?
 Where can such sweetness be
 As I have tasted in thy love,
 As I have found in thee?

When my forgetful soul renews,
 The favor of thy grace,
 My heart presumes I cannot lose
 The relish all my days.

But ere one fleeting hour is pass'd,
 The flatt'ring world employs
 Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
 And to pollute my joys.

Trifles of nature or of art,
 With fair deceitful charms,
 Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
 And thrust me from thy arms.

Then I repent, and vex my soul
 That I should leave thee so:
 Where will those wild affections roll,
 That let a SAVIOUR go.

Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
 And bring my heart to rest
 On the dear center of my soul,
 My God, my SAVIOUR'S breast.

CLXXXVIII.

I Love the LORD ; but ah ! how far
 My thoughts from the dear object are ;
 This treach'rous heart, how wide it roves !
 And fancy meets a thousand loves.

If my soul burn to see my God,
 I tread the courts of his abode ;
 But troops of rivals throng the place,
 And tempt me off, before his face.

Would I enjoy my LORD alone,
 I bid my passions all be gone
 All but but my love ; and charge my will
 To bar the door, and guard it still.

But cares or trifles make, or find
 Their secret inlets to the mind ;
 'Till I with grief and wonder see
 Huge crouds betwixt my LORD and me.

Look gently down, Almighty Grace,
 Prison me round in thine embrace ;
 Pity the soul that would be thine,
 And let thy pow'r my love confine.

CLXXXIX.

LORD JESU, when, when shall it be
 That I no more shall break with thee ?
 When will this war of passion cease,
 And my free soul enjoy thy peace ?

Here I repent, and sin again ;
 Now I revive, and now am slain ;
 Slain by the same unhappy dart,
 Which O ! too often wounds my heart.

O SAVIOUR, when, when shall I be,
A garden seal'd to all but thee ?
No more expos'd, no more undone,
But live and grow to thee alone ?

Guide thou, O LORD, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force ;
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee, my way, to GOD my end.

J U D G M E N T.

CXC. PSALM 50 : 1—6

THE LORD, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh :
The nations near the rising Sun,
And near the western sky.

Thron'd on a cloud, our GOD shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way ;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

Heav'n from above, his call shall hear,
Attending angels come ;
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice, and their doom.

“ But gather all my saints,” he cries,
“ That made their peace with GOD
“ By the REDEEMER's sacrifice,
“ And seal'd it with his blood.

“ Their faith and works brought forth to light
“ Shall make the world confess
“ My sentence of reward is right,
“ And heav'n adore my grace.”

O,

CXCI.

LO! he comes in clouds descending
 Once for favor'd sinners slain!
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah! Amen.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true MESSIAH see.

Ev'ry Island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate him, must confounded
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! come away!

Now Redemption, long expected,
 See! in solemn pomp appear!
 All his saints by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air!
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!

Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
 Hasten, LORD, the gen'ral doom!
 The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home:
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

Yea! Amen! Let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 SAVIOUR, take the pow'r and glory:
 Claim the Kingdom for thine own!
 O come quickly,
 Hallelujah! come, LORD, come!

CXCII.

O! When my righteous JUDGE shall come,
 To fetch his ransom'd people home,
 Shall I among them stand!
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 So sinful and unfit to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?

I love to meet among them now,
 Before JEHOVAH's feet to bow
 Tho' viler than them all:
 But who can bear the piercing thought!
 What if my name should be left out
 When he for them shall call!

Dear LORD prevent it by thy grace,
 O let me see thy smiling face
 In this my gracious day:
 Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall away!

Among the faints let me be found
 Whene'er th' ARCHANGEL's trump shall sound
 To see thy lovely face:
 Then loudest of the croud I'll sing,
 Till heav'ns resounding mansions ring
 The riches of thy grace.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

CXCHII.

REJOICE, the LORD is King,
 Your GOD and KING adore;
 Mortals give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,
 The GOD of truth and love;
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above:
 Lift up your heart &c.

His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our JESUS giv'n:
 Lift up your heart &c.

He sits at GOD's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet:
 Lift up your heart &c.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
 JESUS the Judge shall come,
 And take his Servants up
 To their eternal home:
 We soon shall hear th' Archangel's voice;
 The trump of GOD shall sound, *Rejoice!*

CXCIV. PSALM 72.

GREAT God, whose universal sway,
 The known and unknown worlds obey;
 Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,
 Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

The scepter well becomes his hands,
 All heav'n submits to his commands;
 His justice shall avenge the poor,
 And pride and rage prevail no more.

With pow'r he vindicates the just,
 And treads th' oppressor in the dust:
 His worship and his fear shall last,
 Till hours, and years, and time be past.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
 So shall he send his influence down;
 His grace on fainting souls distils,
 Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands that lie beneath
 The shades of overspreading Death,
 Revive at his first dawning light,
 And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in his days,
 Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
 Peace, like a river, from his throne
 Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

CXCV. PSALM 72. 2d. PART.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run:
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To him shall endless pray'r be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our KING;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud AMEN.

CXCVI. PSALM 98.

JOY to the world; the LORD is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the SAVIOUR reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

THE LAW.

CXC VII.

THE *Law* commands, and makes us know
 What duties to our GOD we owe;
 But 'tis the *Gospel* must reveal
 Where lies our strength to do his will.

The *Law* discovers guilt and sin,
 And shews how vile our hearts have been;
 Only the *Gospel* can express
 Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

What curses doth the *Law* denounce,
 Against the man that fails but once!
 But in the *Gospel* CHRIST appears,
 Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

My soul, no more attempt to draw
 Thy life and comfort from the *Law*;
 Fly to the hope the *Gospel* gives:
 The man that trusts the promise, lives.

CXC VIII.

GO, you that rest upon the LAW
 And madly seek Salvation *there*:
 Look up to the flames that *Moses* saw!
 And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

But I'll retire beneath the cross;
 SAVIOUR, at *thy* dear feet I lie:
 And the keen sword that Justice draws,
 Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

D I V I N E L O V E.

CXCIX.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in JESU's name;
Ye, who JESU's kindness prove,
Triumph in *Redeeming Love*.

Ye, who see the FATHER's grace,
Beaming in the SAVIOUR's face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and blest *Redeeming Love*.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by *Redeeming Love*.

Ye, alas! who long have been,
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste *Redeeming Love*.

Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome all to JESUS CHRIST;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but *Redeeming Love*.

He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in *Redeeming Love*.

Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise *Redeeming Love*.

When his SPIRIT leads us home,
When we to his glory come ;
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our LORD's *Redeeming Love*.

CC.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall we find our longing heart,
All taken up by thee ?
O ! may we pant and thirst to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of CHRIST so free.

GOD only knows the love of GOD,
O that it now were shed abroad
In each poor longing heart !
For love I'd sigh, for love I'd pine,
This only portion, LORD, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

O that we cou'd for ever sit
With Mary, at the Master's feet,
Be this our happy choice !
Our only care, delight, and bliss,
Our joy, our heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Thy only love may we require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heav'n above :
Let earth and all its trifles go,
Give us, O LORD ! thy love to know,
Give us thy precious love.

CCI.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n, to earth come down
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 JESUS ! thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry longing heart !

Breathe, O breathe thy loving SPIRIT,
 Into ev'ry troubled breast !
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest :
 Take away the love of sinning ;
 Alpha and Omega be ;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive !
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave !
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.

Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure, and holy may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation,
 Perfectly secur'd by thee !
 Change from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

CCII.

NOT with our mortal eyes
 Have we beheld the **LORD**,
 Yet we rejoice to ~~hear~~ his name,
 And love him in his word.

On earth we want the sight
 Of our REDEEMER's face,
 Yet, **LORD**, our inmost thoughts delight
 To dwell upon thy grace.

And when we taste thy love,
 Our joys divinely grow
 Unspeakable, like those above,
 And heav'n begins below.

CCIII.

HAPPY the heart were graces reign,
 Where *Love* inspires the breast :
Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear ;
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If *Love* be absent there.

'Tis *Love* that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move ;
 The Devils know and tremble too ;
 But Satan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 'Tis *this* shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
 The wings of *Love* bear us away
 To see our smiling God.

CCIV.

LET worldly minds, the world pursue,
 What are its charms to me !
 Once I admir'd its trifles too,
 But grace has set me free.

Its pleasures now no longer please—
 No more content afford :
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 Now I have known the LORD.

As by the light of op'ning day,
 The stars are all conceal'd ;
 So earthly pleasures fade away
 When JESUS is reveal'd.

Creatures no more divide my choice !
 I bid you all depart !
 His name, and love, and gracious voice,
 Have fix'd my roving heart.

Now LORD, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee ;
 But—may I hope that thou wilt own
 A worthless worm like me ?

Yes, tho' of sinners I'm the worst,
 I cannot doubt thy will ;
 For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
 I had refus'd thee still.

CCV.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear;
 Fain wou'd I found it out so loud
 That earth and heav'n might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport, and my trust;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is fordid dust.

All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
 In thee most richly meet;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

O may thy grace still cheer my heart!
 And shed its fragrance there!
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honors of thy name
 With my last lab'ring breath;
 When speechless, clasp thee in my arms;
 My joy in life and death!

CCVI.

HOW vain are all things here below!
 How false, and yet how fair!
 Each pleasure has its poison too;
 And ev'ry sweet, a snare.

The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flatt'ring light;
 We should suspect some danger nigh
 Where we possess delight.

Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood ;
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense ?
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

Dear SAVIOUR ! let *thy* beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And Grace command my heart away
From all created good.

CCVII.

TAKE my poor heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy throne ;
So shall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

Complete thy work, and crown thy grace,
That I may faithful prove,
And listen to that small still voice,
Which only whispers love.

Which teaches me what is thy will,
And tells me what to do ;
Which covers me with shame when I
Do not thy will pursue.

This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching from my LORD ;
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy soul-reviving word.

CCVIII.

'TIS a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought ;
 Do I love the LORD, or no ?
 Am I his, or am I not ?

If I love—why am I thus ?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame—
 Hardly sure can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name !

Could my heart so hard remain—
 Pray'r a task and burden prove—
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain—
 If I knew a SAVIOUR's love ?

When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild :
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child ?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
 You that love the LORD indeed,
 Tell me—is it thus with you ?

Yet—I mourn my stubborn will—
 Find my sin, a grief, and thrall—
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all ?

Could I joy his saints to meet—
 Choose the ways I once abhorr'd—
 Find, at times, the promise sweet—
 If I did not love the LORD ?

LORD, decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art thy people's Sun ;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun !

Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

CCIX.

THE SAVIOUR ! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

Here Pardon, Life, and Joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

Th' Almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode ;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

O the rich depths of love divine !
Of bliss, a boundless store !
Dear SAVIOUR, let me call thee *mine* ;
I cannot wish for more !

On thee alone, my hope relies ;
Beneath thy cross I fall ;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My SAVIOUR, and my ALL !

CCX.

MY God, I am thine,
What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my JESUS is mine!

In the heavenly LAMB,
Thrice happy I am ; [name.
My heart it doth dance to the sound of thy

True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound ; [found.
And whoever hath found it, hath Paradise

My JESUS to know,
And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

Yet onward I haste
To the heavenly feast ;
That, that is the fulness : but this is the taste.

And this I shall prove,
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens of JESUS's love.

CCXI.

THOU only sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend ;
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend ?

Whither ! ah whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my LORD ?
Can this dark world of sin and woe,
One glimpse of happiness afford ?

Eternal life, thy words impart :
 On these my fainting spirit lives :
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than the whole round of nature gives.

Let earth's alluring joys combine ;
 While thou art near, in vain they call ,
 One smile—one blissful smile of thine,
 My dearest LORD, outweighs them all.

Thy name my inmost pow'rs adore,
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care.
 Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more,
 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine :
 Still let me live beneath thine eye ;
 For life, eternal life is thine.

CCXII.

THOU lovely source of true delight,
 Whom I unseen adore ;
 Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
 That I may love thee more.

Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
 But in thy sacred word
 I read in fairer, brighter lines,
 My bleeding, dying LORD.

'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
 And sins and sorrows rise,
 Thy love with cheerful beams of hope
 My fainting heart supplies.

But ah ! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain ;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

JESUS, my LORD, my Life, my Light,
O come with blisful ray ;
Break radiant thro' the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love ;
But the full glories of thy face,
Are only known above.

CCXIII.

DO not I love thee, O my LORD ?
Behold my heart and see ;
And turn each cursed Idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

Do not I love thee from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love ;
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
When JESUS cannot move.

Is not thy name, melodious still,
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My SAVIOUR'S voice to hear.

Thou know'st I love thee, dearest LORD :
But O ! I long to soar,
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

CCXIV.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows;
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose:
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with thee, my heart to share?
 Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The LORD of ev'ry motion there:
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it has found repose in thee.

O hide this *self* from me, that I
 No more, but CHRIST in me may live!
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive:
 In all things may I nothing see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 "I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
 To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love, be all my choice.

CCXV.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
 How high thy wonders rise!
 Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousand thro' the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r ;
 Their motions speak thy skill ;
 And on the wings of ev'ry hour
 We read thy patience still.

But when we view thy great design
 To save rebellious worms ;
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms :

Here the whole DEITY is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess,
 Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The *Justice*, or the *Grace*.

Now the full glories of the LAMB
 Adorn the heav'nly plains,
 Bright angels learn IMMANUEL's name,
 And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song ;
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

CCXVI.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend ;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying friend.
 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams, in streams of blood,
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie :
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye.
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the LAMB I gaze ;
 Love I much, I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace !

Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to JESUS go !
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more deeply know.

CCXVII.

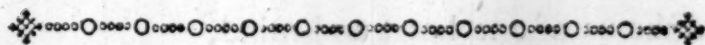
JESUS, and shall it ever be
 A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
 Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor,
 O may I scorn it more and more.

Asham'd of JESUS ! sooner far
 Let ev'ning blush to own a star :
 Asham'd of JESUS ! just as soon
 Let midnight blush to think of noon.

Asham'd of JESUS ! of that friend
 On whom my heav'nly hopes depend—
 It must not be—be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

Asham'd of JESUS ! yes I may
When I've no crimes to wash away ;
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, nor soul to save.

Till then (nor is the boasting vain)
Till then, I'll boast a SAVIOUR slain.
And O ! may this my portion be,
That SAVIOUR's not asham'd of me.



BROTHERLY LOVE.

CCXVIII.

NOW by the bowels of my GOD,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

Clamour, and wrath, and war, be gone !
Envy and spite for ever cease ;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

The SPIRIT, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife ;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life ?

Tender and kind be all our thoughts ;
Thro' all our lives let mercy run :
So GOD forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear sake of CHRIST his SON.

CCXIX.

JESU, LORD, we look to thee,
 Let us in thy name agree;
 Shew thyself the Prince of peace,
 Bid all jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling love,
 Ev'ry stumbling-block remove;
 Each to each unite, endear;
 Come, and spread thy banner here.

Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful and kind,
 Lowly, meek in thought and word,
 Altogether like our LORD.

Let us each for other care,
 Each another's burden bear;
 To thy church the pattern give,
 Shew how true believers live.

Let us then with joy remove
 To thy family above,
 On the wings of angels fly,
 Shew how true believers die.

CCXX. PSALM 133.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one,
 Whose kind designs to serve and please,
 Thro' all their actions run.

Blest is the pious house
 Where zeal and friendship meet,
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
 Make their communion sweet.

Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil thro' all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

Thus on the heav'nly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

CCXXI.

GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek, lamb-like SON of GOD,
Bid our unruly passions cease,
O quench them with thy blood.

O let thy love our hearts constrain,
JESUS, the crucify'd !
What hast thou done our hearts to gain ?
Languish'd, and groan'd and dy'd !

Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts,
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.

Who would not now pursue the way
Where JESU's footsteps shine ?
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of charity divine ?

O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force a frowning world to say,
SEE HOW THESE CHRISTIANS LOVE.

Q.

CCXXII.

LET party names no more
 The christian world o'erspread ;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in CHRIST their head.

Among the saints on earth
 Let mutual love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.

Let envy and ill-will
 Be banish'd far away ;
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
 Who the same LORD obey.

Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And ev'ry heart is love.

AT THE MEETING AND PARTING OF
 CHRISTIAN-FRIENDS.

CCXXIII.

KINDRED in CHRIST, for his dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.

To you and me by grace 'tis giv'n
 To know the SAVIOUR's precious name,
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.

May he, by whose kind care we meet
Send his good SPIRIT from above;
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our heart to burn with love.

Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for us.

We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffer'd for us here below,
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love and wonder and adore,
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

CCXXIV.

BLESSED be God who lets us see
Each other in prosperity,
And makes our hearts rejoice;
Now, LORD, let flames of sacred love,
In ev'ry bosom freely move,
And tune our cheerful voice.

What hell-deserving worms are we !
Dear SAVIOUR, to thy wounds we flee,
To hide our sin and shame;
Worthy art thou, of all our praise,
JESU, how wond'rous is thy grace,
How excellent thy name !

Strong in faith, LORD, let us stand,
 Join heart with heart, and hand in hand,
 To propagate thy cause;
 Provoke to love and holiness,
 And walk in unity and peace,
 Obedient to thy laws.

May CHRIST be one with us, and we
 Be one with him eternally,

Whom heav'n and earth adore :
 LORD, let our union here be sweet,
 And grant we all at last may meet
 In heav'n, to part no more.

CCXXV.

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,
 When the saints together meet ;
 When the SAVIOUR is the theme,
 When they join to sing of him.

Sing *we*, then, eternal love,
 Such as did the FATHER move ;
 He beheld the world undone,
 Lov'd the world, and gave his SON.

Sing the SON's amazing love ;
 How he left the realms above,
 Took our nature and our place,
 Liv'd and dy'd to save our race.

Sing we too, the SPIRIT's love ;
 With our wretched hearts he strove ;
 Things of precious CHRIST he took,
 Gave us hearts and eyes to look.

Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the SAVIOUR'S *still* the theme,
Where they see, and sing of him.

CCXXVI.

TH' ALMIGHTY calls us now to part;
But we, abiding in his love,
And graven on the SAVIOUR'S heart,
Shall shortly meet again above.

What tho' we leave our dearest friends,
To meet no more while here we stay;
We're sure in joy that never ends,
To meet on JESU'S marriage-day.

Invited thither, let us strive
T' accomplish all our work below;
To gain the earnest, God shall give
Of heav'n, and rest, to which we go.

Let us be strong—'tis God commands!
Very courageous let us prove;
Stengthen our knees, and raise our hands,
Our portion is EMANUAL'S love.

No other blifs we seek beside,
No other peace but CHRIST'S alone;
And he our dang'rous way shall guide,
And lead us to his FATHER'S throne.

Amen—let JESUS say, Amen!
And soon the wish'd-for season bring;
Together quickly let us reign,
And everlasting anthems sing.

CCXXVII.

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in JESU's footsteps tread,
And do his work below.

O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside ;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But JESUS crucify'd.

Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

Thus let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

CCXXVIII.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace ;
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

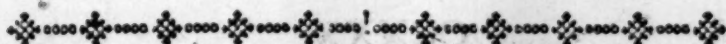
But, LORD, tho' we must part a while
Upon the sacred road ;
Yet let thy face upon us smile,
And keep us close to God.

This, only this we humbly crave,
While earth is our abode ;
That we with CHRIST and saints may have
Communion on the road.

And since our fellowship below,
Affords such joy and love ;
We long its full extent to know
In better worlds above.

There void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
But in seraphic, endless strains,
Redeeming love admire.

All sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall then for ever fly ;
Nor shall a thought that we must part,
Once interrupt the joy.



MORNING AND EVENING.

CCXXIX.

GOD of my life, thro' all my days,
My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the silent night.

When anxious cares wou'd break my rest,
And grief wou'd tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praise I'll raise on high
And check the murmur, and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
 And all the pow'rs of language fail;
 Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But O ! when that last conflict's o'er,
 And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
 With what glad accents shall I rise,
 'To join the music of the skies !

Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
 Which echo thro' the heav'nly plains,
 And emulate, with joy unknown,
 The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

The cheerful tribute will I give,
 Long as a deathless soul can live;
 A work so sweet, a theme so high,
 Demands, and crowns eternity.

CCXXX.

MY God, how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new ;
 And Morning mercies from above
 Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

I yield my pow'r to thy command ;
 To thee I consecrate my days ;
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

CCXXXI.

RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker;
Angels praise join thy lays,
With them be partaker.

Sov'reign LORD of ev'ry spirit,
In thy light lead me right,
Thro' my SAVIOUR's merit.

Thou this night wast my protector,
With me stay all this day,
Ever my director.

Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace be my bliss
Till thou hence remove me.

Holy, holy, holy, Giver
Of all good, life and food,
Reign ador'd for ever.

Glory, honor, thanks, and blessing,
ONE in THREE, give we thee,
Never, never ceasing.

CCXXXII. PSALM 3.

OLORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose;
But my defence and hope is Gon.

Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry;
Thou heardst when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty help was nigh.

Supported by thine heav'nly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure;
Not Death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And make his praise my morning song.

CCXXXIII.

JESUS, thou all-sustaining Word,
My fallen spirit's hope;
After thy lovely likeness, LORD,
O when shall I wake up?

Thou, dearest LORD, thou *only* art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

Of all thou hast, on earth below,
Or heav'n above, to give;
Give me thy blessed self to know,
In thee to walk, and live:

Fill me with all the life of love,
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

Grant this, O LORD, for thou hast dy'd
That I might be forgiv'n ;
Thou hast the righteousness supply'd
For which I merit heav'n.

CCXXXIV.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

CCXXXV.

JESUS, fairer than the Morning,
When the light o'erspreads the skies.
Our benighted world adorning,
With thy brighter beams arise ;
Chase the darkness
That o'erspreads our inmost souls.

Blessed Shepherd, we adore thee
 For the mercies of the night ;
 And rejoice with songs before thee,
 Great restorer of the light ;
 God of mercy,
 Give us pardon, grace, and peace.

Condescend, almighty SAVIOUR,
 Through this day to be our guide ;
 Keep us in thy fear and favour,
 Keep us near thy bleeding side :
 Keep and guide us
 Till we see thee, face to face.

EVENING.

SEE, my soul, thy day declining,
 Gloomy night her mantle spreads ;
 The bright sun withdraws his shining,
 And the stars unveil their heads ;
 Look to JESUS,
 He's thy never-setting Sun.

Let thy guardian care surround us,
 Thro' the watches of the night ;
 And from ev'ry ill defend us,
 Till we see the morning-light ;
 Be our keeper
 Till all danger shall be o'er.

When the night of death o'ertakes us,
 And we see the light no more ;
 Be not absent, nor forsake us,
 Till we stand on Canaan's shore :
 Then admit us
 Into realms of endless day.

CCXXXVII.

THUS far the LORD has led me on,
 Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
 And ev'ry Ev'ning shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps am near my home;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
 Peace is the pillow for my head;
 While well-appointed Angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

In vain the sons of earth and hell,
 Tell me a thousand frightful things;
 My God in safety makes me dwell
 Beneath the shadow of his wings.

Faith in his name forbids my fear:
 O may thy presence ne'er depart!
 And in the Morning make me hear
 The love and kindness of thy heart.

Thus when the night of Death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the found.

CCXXXVIII.

ERE I sleep for ev'ry favor
 This day shew'd, by my God,
 I will bless my SAVIOUR.

R.

○ my LORD ! what shall I render
To thy name, still the same,
Gracious, good and tender.

Leave me not, but ever love me ;
Let thy peace be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.

Visit me with thy salvation ;
Let thy care now be near,
Round my habitation.

Thou, my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
Safely keep, while I sleep,
Me, with all thy power,

So, whene'er in Death I slumber,
Let me rise, with the wise,
Counted in their number.

CCXXXIX.

DREAD Sov'reign, let my Ev'ning song,
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

Perpetual blessings from above
Incompass me around,
But O how few returns of love,
Hath my CREATOR found !

What have I done for him that dy'd,
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as my minutes roll!

LORD, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my SAVIOUR'S breast.

CCXL.

NO farther go to-night, but stay,
Dear SAVIOUR, till the break of day;
Turn in, dear LORD, with me:
And in the morning when I wake,
Me in thine arms, my JESUS, take,
And I'll go on with thee.

CCXLI.

NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, LORD, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

Awake our love, awake our joy,
Awake our heart and tongue:
Sleep not when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.

Minutes and mercies multiply'd,
 Have made up all this day ;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More fleet, and free than they.

New time, new favor, and new joys,
 Do a new song require ;
 Till we shall praise thee as we would,
 Accept our heart's desire.

LORD of our time, whose hand hath set
 New time upon our score ;
 Thee may we praise for all our time,
 When time shall be no more.

CCXLII.

J E S U S, the all-atoning LAMB,
 Lover of lost mankind ;
 Salvation in whose only name
 A sinful world can find ;

We ask thy grace to make us clean ;
 We come to thee our GOD :
 Open, O LORD, for this day's sin,
 The fountain of thy blood.

Hither our spotted souls be brought,
 And ev'ry idle word,
 And ev'ry work, and ev'ry thought,
 That hath not pleas'd our LORD.

Hither our actions righteous deem'd
 By man, and counted good,
 As filthy rags by GOD esteem'd,
 Till sprinkled by thy blood.

To us then O vouchsafe thy pow'r
For pardon still to flee ;
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
To wash ourselves in thee.

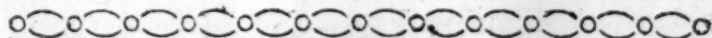
CCXLIII.

INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head !
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
Tir'd with glaring vanities.

Thou, my ever bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good :
Thy kind eye that cannot sleep
These defenceless hours shall keep.

What if death my sleep invade ?
Should I be of death afraid ?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike but cannot harm.

With thy heav'nly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest.
Welcome sleep, or death to me,
Still secure, for still with thee.



FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

CCXLIV.

ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, sov'reign of the year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole :
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
 Perfumes the air, and paints the land :
 The summer rays with vigor shine
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn, richly pours
 Thro' all our coasts, redundant stores,
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more the face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
 Demand successive songs of praise ;
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning-light, and ev'ning shade.

Here in thy house let incense rise,
 And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes ;
 Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

CCXLV.

THE LORD of earth and sky,
 The GOD of ages praise !
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days ;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.

Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground;
 No fruit of holiness

On our dead souls was found;
 Yet did he us in mercy spare
 Another, and another year.

When Justice bare'd the sword,
 To cut the fig-tree down,
 The pity of our LORD

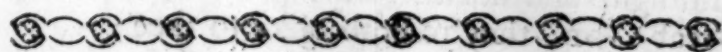
Cry'd—"Let it still alone;"
 The Father mild inclin'd his ear,
 And spar'd us yet another year.

JESUS, thy speaking blood
 From GOD obtain'd the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd

On us a longer space:
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo! we see another year.

Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground;
 And let our gracious fruit

To thy great praise abound.
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.



OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

CCXLVI. PSALM 139.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
 Thine eye commands with piercing view
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

Within thy circling pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest the fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there;

AT THE ORDINATION OR SETTLEMENT OF A MINISTER.

CCXLVII.

FATHER of mercies, in thy house
Smile on our homage, and our vows ;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our SAVIOUR's care.

The SAVIOUR, when to heav'n he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

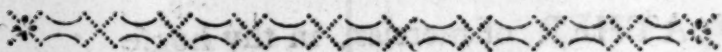
Hence sprung th' *Apostles* honor'd name.
Sacred beyond heroic fame ;
Hence dictates the *Prophetic* sage ;
And hence the *Evangelic* page.

In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and *Teachers* rise ;
Who, tho' with feebler rays they shine,
Still gild a long extended line.

From CHRIST their varied gifts derive,
And fed by CHRIST their graces live :
While, guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

So shall the bright succession run
'Thro' the last courses of the sun ;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

JESUS our Lord their hearts shall know,
 The spring, whence all these blessings flow :
Pastors and *People* shout his praise
 Thro' the long round of endless days.



THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

CCXLVIII.

RISE, my soul; and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things
 Tow'rds heav'n thy native place.
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source ;
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our SAVIOUR will return
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season and you know
 Happy entrance will be giv'n ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

P R A I S E.

CCXLIX.

GREAT GOD ! thy glories shall employ
 My holy fear, my humble joy ;
 My lips in songs of honor bring
 Their tribute to th' eternal king.

Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown,
 Depend precarious on his throne ;
 All nature hangs upon his word,
 And grace and glory own the LORD.

Th' eternal Law before him stands ;
 His Justice with impartial hands
 Divides to all their due reward,
 Or by the scepter or the sword.

His Mercy, like a boundless sea,
 Washes our load of guilt away ;
 While his own SON came down and dy'd,
 T' engage his Justice on our side.

Each of his words demands my faith ;
 My soul can rest on all he saith ;
 His Truth inviolably keeps,
 The largest promise of his lips.

O tell me with a gentle voice,
 "Thou art *my* GOD," and I'll rejoice !
 Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
 The brightest honors of thy name.

CCL. PSALM 108.

BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men :
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command !
Vast as eternity thy love !
Firm as a rock thy tuth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

CCLI. PSALM 33.

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the LORD,
This work belongs to you :
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true !

His mercy and his righteousness,
Let heav'n and earth proclaim ;
His works of nature and of grace,
Reveal his wond'rous name.

His wisdom and almighty word,
The heav'nly arches spread :
And by the Spirit of the LORD,
Their shining hosts were made.

He bid the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep ;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand :
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs ;
His counsel stands thro' ev'ry age,
And in full glory shines.

CCLII. PSALM 19.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim :

Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale ;
And nightly, to the listning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :

Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

S.

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The HAND that made us is DIVINE."

CCLIII. PSALM 34 : 8. 9.

TRIOUMPHANT LORD, thy goodness reigns
Thro' all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to th' abodes of men below.

Thro' *Nature's* works its glories shine;
The cares of *Providence* are thine;
And GRACE erects our ruin'd frame,
A fairer temple to thy name.

O give to ev'ry human heart
To taste, and feel how good thou art!
With grateful love, and holy fear,
To know, how blest'd thy children are.

Let nature burst into a song;
Ye echoing hills the notes prolong!
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your MAKER's praise!

Ye *Saints* with joy the theme pursue!
Its sweetest notes belong to *you*;
Chosen, by this eternal king,
For ever round his throne to sing.

CCLIV.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

Thy providence my life sustain'd
 And all my wants redrest ;
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran ;
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.

When worn by sickness oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face.
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ,
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.

Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But O ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

CCLV.

SALVATION ! O the rapt'rous sound ! -
For Adam's fallen, guilty race ;
Come let us spread the news around,
For God hath sav'd us by his *Grace*.

Among his saints shall we abide,
Among his sons obtain a place ;
Elect, redeemed, sanctify'd,
And sav'd thro' faith alone, by *Grace*.

O for the hour, when we within
His courts above, shall see his face !
From pain, from sorrow, and from sin
Completely sav'd, and sav'd by *Grace*.

CCLVI.

TO our REDEEMER's glorious name
Awake the sacred song !
O may his love (immortal flame)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

His love what mortal thought can reach !
What mortal tongue display ?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
JESUS be our supreme delight,
His praise our best employ.

JESUS, who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die :—
Was ever love like this !

Dear LORD, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee;
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
"The SAVIOUR dy'd for *me*."

O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

CCLVII.

MY SAVIOUR, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?

Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore !
Send down thy grace O blessed LORD,
That I may love thee more.

My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father-God.

When I am fill'd with sore distress
 For some surprizing sin,
 I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
 And mention none but thine.

How will my lips rejoice to tell
 The vict'ries of my king !
 My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
 Shall thy salvation sing.

My tongue, shall all the day proclaim
 My SAVIOUR and my GOD,
 His death has brought my foes to shame,
 And drown'd them in his blood.

Awake, awake, my 'tuneful pow'rs ;
 With this delightful song
 I'll entertain the darkeſt hours,
 Nor think the ſeaſon long.

CCLVIII.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark deſpair
 We wretched ſinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpleſs grief ;
 He ſaw, and (O amazing love !)
 He ran to our relief.

Down from the ſhining ſeats above
 With joyful haſte he fled,
 Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

O ! for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The SAVIOUR's praises speak.

Angels ! assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold ;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

CCLIX.

COME let us join our cheerful songs
 With Angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

*Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
 To be exalted thus :
 Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
 For he was slain for us.*

JESUS is worthy to receive
 Honor and pow'r divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, LORD, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise ;

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the LAMB.

CCLX.

TO God, the only wise,
 Our SAVIOUR and our KING,
 Let all the saints below the skies,
 Their humble praises bring.

'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.

He will present our souls
 Unblemish'd and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace.
 And make his wonders known.

To our REDEEMER-GOD
 Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
 Immortal crowns of Majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

CCLXI.

LET us *love*, and *sing*, and *wonder*,
 Let us *praise* the SAVIOUR's name!
 He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder,
 He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame;
 He has wash'd us with his blood,
 He has brought us nigh to God.

Let us *love* the LORD who bought us,
Pity'd us when enemies ;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes :
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He presents our souls to GOD.

Let us *sing* tho' fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down ;
For the LORD, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown :
He who wash'd us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to GOD.

Let us *wonder*, grace and justice,
Join, and point to mercy's store :
When thro' grace in CHRIST our trust is,
Justice smiles, and asks no more :
He who wash'd us with his blood,
Has secur'd our way to GOD.

Let us *praise*, and join the chorus,
Of his saints, enthron'd on high ;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky :
Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,
Thou art worthy, LAMB of GOD.

Yes, we praise thee, gracious SAVIOUR ;
Wonder, love, and bless thy name ;
Pardon, LORD, our poor endeavour,
Pity, for thou know'st our frame.
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by thee we come to GOD.

CCLXII.

“TIS FINISH'D ” the REDEEMER said,
 And meekly bow'd his dying head ;
 Whilst we this sentence scan,
 Come, sinners, and observe the word,
 Behold the conquests of the LORD,
 Complete for helpless man.

FINISH'D the righteousness of grace,
 FINISH'D for sinners, pard'ning peace ;
 Their mighty debt is paid :
 Accusing Law cancell'd by blood,
 And wrath of an offended GOD,
 In sweet oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second claim ?
 The Law no longer can condemn ;
 Faith, a release can shew :
 Justice itself a friend appears,
 The prison-house a whisper hears,
 “ Loose him, and let him go.”

O unbelief, injurious bar !
 Source of tormenting, fruitless fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply ?
 Where'er thy loud objections fall,
 “ 'TIS FINISH'D,” still may answer all,
 And silence ev'ry cry.

His toil divinely finish'd stands,
 But ah ! the praise his work demands,
 Careful may we attend !
 Conclusion to our souls be this,
 Because salvation finish'd is,
 Our thanks shall never end.

CCLXIII.

O For a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear REDEEMER's praise !
 The glories of my GOD and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.

JESUS, the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the Pris'ners free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood avail'd for me.

He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
 New life, the dead receive ;
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.

Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
 Ye blind behold your SAVIOUR come ;
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

CCLXIV.

O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,
 Thou only holy, only just ;
 O tune our souls to praise thy name,
 JESUS ! unchangeable, the same !

Glory to thee auspicious LAMB !
 Thou holy LORD, thou great I AM !
 With all our pow'r thy grace we bless ;
 Our joy, our peace, our righteousness.

Live, ever glorious JESUS ! live,
Worthy all blessings to receive !
Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet !

Blessings for ever on the LAMB !
Who bore the curse for sinful man ;
Let angels sound the sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, AMEN.

CCLXV.

AWAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the LAMB ;
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the SAVIOUR's name.

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues,
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

Sing on your heavn'ly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In CHRIST th' eternal King.

Soon shall we hear him say,
“ Ye blessed children come ; ”
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wand'ers home.

There shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the LAMB.

CCLXVI. PSALM 103.

O Bless the LORD, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

O bless the LORD, my soul !
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die:

'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain ;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave ;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the suff'ers rest ;
The LORD hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress'd.

His wond'rous works and ways
He made by *Moses* known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved SON.

T.

CCLXVII.

LORD, when my thoughts, delighted, rove
Amid the wonders of thy love;
The sight revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,
On thy atoning blood rely,
And on thy righteousness depend;
My LORD, my SAVIOUR, and my FRIEND.

Be all my heart, be all my days,
Devoted to thy single praise!
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

CCLXVIII.

BY the blood of the LAMB,
The Martyrs o'ercame;
And its virtue continues for ever, the same.

The world and its god
Shall in us be subdu'd,
By virtue divine of our Advocate's blood.

For us it was shed;
And he rose from the dead,
His atoning oblation for sinners to plead.

He prays for his own,
And he still will pray on,
Till complete in his image, we rise to his throne.

CCLXIX.

NOW to the LAMB that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us Kings and Priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

CCLXX.

COME and let us sweetly join,
CHRIST to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all with one accord,
Glory to our common LORD.

Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the Martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God.

Sing we then in JESU's name,
Now, as yesterday the same;
One in ev'ry age and place,
Full of love, of truth, and grace.

CHRIST is now gone up on high,
(Thither may our wishes fly;)
Sits at God's right hand above,
There with him we reign in love.

CCLXXI.

DEAREST of all the names above,
 My JESUS, and my GOD,
 Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
 Or trifle with thy blood ?

'Tis by the merits of thy death
 The FATHER smiles again ;
 'Tis by thine interceding breath
 The SPIRIT dwells with men.

Till GOD in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find ;
 The holy, just, and sacred THREE,
 Are terrors to my mind.

But if IMMANUEL's face appear,
 My hope, my joy begins :
 His name forbids my slavish fear,
 His grace removes my sins.

While Jews on their own Law rely,
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,
 I love the incarnate Mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

CCLXXII.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
 Up to the courts above,
 And smile to see our FATHER there
 Upon a throne of love.

Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
 And shot devouring flame :
 Our GOD appear'd *consuming fire*,
 And vengeance was his name.

Rich were the drops of JESUS' blood,
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the SON;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal KING
That lays his fury by.

CCLXXIII.

JESUS, with all thy saints above
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

Bless'd be the LAMB, my dearest LORD,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword.
In his own vital flood.

The LAMB that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the Lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

All glory to the dying LAMB,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

CCLXXIV.

THE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above;
 Antient of everlasting days,
 And God of love;
 JEHOVAH, great I AM!
 By earth, and heav'n confest,
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever bless'd.

The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand.
 I'd all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r;
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tow'r.

The God of Abraham praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all his ways;
 He calls a worm his Friend!
 He calls himself my God!
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Thro' Jesu's blood.

He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall on angels' wings up-borne,
 To heav'n ascend:
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his pow'r adore;
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

PART 2d.

THE goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest.

There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow
With mercy crown'd.

There dwells the LORD our KING,
THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin
The Prince of peace.

On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

Before the SAVIOUR's face
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace
For ever new.

He shews his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame;
And sound thro' all the worlds above
"The slaughter'd LAMB."

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to GOD on high:
"Hail, FATHER, SON, and HOLY-GHOST"
They ever cry.

Hail, Abraham's God and mine—
I join the heav'nly lays:
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

CCLXXV. PSALM 148.

LET ev'ry creature join
 To praise JEHOVAH's name;
 Ye Angel-hosts the song begin
 And spread his fame.
 Thou Sun with dazzling beams,
 Thou Moon with paler rays,
 Ye Starry lights with twinkling flames
 Shine to his praise.

The glorious worlds above
 In beauteous order stand,
 Or swiftly in their orbits move,
 At his command:
 From nothing once they came
 By his almighty word:
 Still he supports their stately frame,
 Praise ye the LORD.

Let Earth and Ocean know,
 They owe their MAKER, praise.
 Praise him, tho' mute, ye Tribes below,
 Who range the seas.
 Ye Vapors, when ye rise,
 Or fall in show'rs, or snow,
 Ye Thunders, rattling round the skies,
 His glory shew.

Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
 Agree to praise the LORD;
 While ye in awful storms conspire
 T' obey his word.
 Ye Mountains near the skies,
 Ye lofty Cedars there:
 And fruitful Trees of humbler size,
 His praises bear.

Ye Birds of lofty wing,
 On high, his glory raise ;
 Or sit on flow'ry bows and sing
 JEHOVAH's praise.
 Ye savage Beasts, and tame ;
 Ye creeping things, and worms,
 Exalt your great CREATOR's name,
 In all your forms.

Let all of Royal birth,
 With those of meaner name ;
 And all the Judges of the earth,
 His praise proclaim.
 Ye vig'rous Youth engage,
 And in his praise, rejoice :
 And lisping babes and hoary age,
 With feebler voice.

United zeal be shewn,
 His wond'rous fame to raise.
 JEHOVAH's worthy name, alone
 Deserves our praise.
 Let Nature join with art,
 And all pronounce him blest ;
 But Saints who dwell so near his heart,
 Shall praise him best.

CCLXXVI.

THOU dear REDEEMER, dying LAMB,
 We love to hear of thee ;
 No music like thy charming name,
 Ne'er half so sweet can be.
 O may we ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak,
 And in our Priest will we rejoice,
 Thou great MELCHISEDEC.

Our JESUS shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay,
 We'll sing our JESU's lovely name,
 When all things else decay :
 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all his favor'd throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And CHRIST shall be our song.

CCLXXVII.

A DEBTOR to Mercy alone,
 Of Covenant-mercy I sing ;
 Nor fear, with *thy* righteousness on,
 My person and off'rings to bring :
 The terrors of Law, and of GOD,
 With me can have nothing to do ;
 My SAVIOUR's obedience and blood
 Hide all my transgressions from view.

The work, which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete ;
 His promise is *Yea* and *Amen*,
 And never was forfeited yet :
 Things future, nor things that are now,
 Not all things below nor above,
 Can make him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from his love.

My name from the palms of his hands
 Eternity will not erase ;
 Imprest on his heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace :
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is giv'n ;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorify'd spirits in heav'n.

CCLXXVIII.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring
 To thee, O LORD our GOD, the LAMB,
 When all the notes that angels sing,
 Are far inferior to thy name?

Worthy is he that once was slain,
 The Prince of peace that groan'd and dy'd,
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
 At his almighty Father's side.

Pow'r and *Dominion* are his due,
 Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to JESUS too,
 Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

All *Riches* are his native right,
 Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
 To him ascribe eternal *Might*,
 Who left his weakness on the cross.

Honor immortal must be paid,
 Instead of scandal and of scorn;
 While *Glory* shines around his head,
 And a bright crown without a thorn.

Blessings for ever on the LAMB,
 Who bore the the curse for wretched men;
 Let angels sound his sacred name,
 And ev'ry creature say, *Amen*.

CCLXXIX.

COME, we that love the LORD,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind,
Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' IMMANUEL's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

CCLXXX.

BRETHREN let us join to bless
JESUS CHRIST our joy and peace!
Let our praise to him be giv'n,
High at GOD's right hand in heav'n.

MASTER, see! to thee we bow,
Thou art LORD, and only thou;
Thou the blessed Virgin's seed,
Glory of thy Church and Head.

Thee the Angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise our Priest and King;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of Glory, full of Grace.

Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of Salvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy Church! and we
Worship in their company.

We thy little flock adore
Thee the LORD, for evermore!
Ever with us shew thy love,
Till we join with those above.

CCLXXXI. PSALM 65. 1—3.

THE praise of Sion waits for thee,
My GOD; and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

O thou, whose mercy bends the skies
To save, when humble sinners pray;
All Lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And Islands of the northern Sea.

Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of CHRIST will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

Bless'd is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

U.

CCLXXXII. PSALM 89, 19, &c.

HEAR what the LORD in vision said,
And made his mercy known :

“ Sinners, behold your help is laid
“ On my almighty SON.

“ Behold the Man my wisdom chose
“ Among your mortal race ;
“ His head my holy oil o’erflows,
“ The SPIRIT of my grace.

“ High shall he reign on David’s throne,
“ My peoples better KING ;
“ My arm shall beat his rivals down,
“ And still new subjects bring.

“ My truth shall guard him in his way,
“ With mercy by his side,
“ While in my name thro’ earth and sea
“ He shall in triumph ride.

“ Me for his Father and his GOD
“ He shall for ever own,
“ Call me his Rock, his high abode ;
“ And I’ll support my SON.

“ My first-born SON array’d in grace
“ At my right hand shall sit ;
“ Beneath him Angels know their place,
“ And Monarchs at his feet.

“ My cov’nant stands for ever fast ;
“ My promises are strong ;
“ Firm as the heav’ns his throne shall last,
“ His seed endure as long.”

CCLXXXIII. PSALM 8.

JEHOVAH, sovereign LORD

Thy name is all divine :
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
Above the heav'ns they shine.

Out of the mouth of babes
And sucklings, thou canst draw
Surprising honors to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

When to thy heav'ns I look
And read thy glory there,
The Moon and Stars established firm
And objects of thy care,

With wonder I exclaim
O what is Adam's race,
Or what a mortal son of man;
To be an heir of grace !

Jesus becomes a Man
He stoops to earth awhile,
But glory soon shall crown his head,
And honor round him smile.

O'er all thy handy works
His gentle reign shall be ;
Flocks, herds, and savage beasts and birds,
And all within the sea.

JEHOVAH, sovereign LORD
Thy name is all divine :
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
Above the heav'ns they shine.

CCLXXXIV. PSALM 150.

PRAISE ye the LORD, let praise employ,
 In his own courts your songs of joy;
 The spacious firmament around
 Shall echo back the joyful sound.

Recount his works in strains divine,
 His wond'rous works how bright they shine!
 Praise him for all his mighty deeds,
 Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

Let all whom life and breath inspire,
 Attend and join the blissful choir;
 But chiefly you, who know his word,
 Adore, and love, and praise the LORD.

CCLXXXV. PSALM 113.

YE Servants of th' Almighty King,
 In ev'ry age his praises sing;
 Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
 The nations shall his praise repeat.

Above the earth beyond the sky,
 Stands his high throne of majesty;
 Nor time nor place his pow'r restrain,
 Nor bound his universal reign.

Which of the sons of Adam dare,
 Or Angels, with their God compare?
 His glories how divinely bright,
 Who dwells in uncreated light!

Behold his love, he stoops to view
 What saints above and Angels do;
 And condescends yet more, to know
 The mean affairs of men below.

From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor ;
Gives them the honor of his sons,
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

A word of his creating voice,
Can make the barren Church rejoice,
She sees the offspring of his word,
And gives the glory to the LORD.

CCLXXXVI. PSALM 27, 8, &c.

SOON as I heard my FATHER say,
“ Ye children, seek my grace ;”
My heart reply'd without delay,
“ I'll seek my FATHER's face.”

Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away ;
GOD of my life I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

Should friends and kindred near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My GOD would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd,
To see thy grace provide relief ;
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

Wait on the LORD, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up ;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

CCLXXXVII. PSALM 146.

PRAISE ye the LORD, my heart shall join
 In work so pleasant, so divine ;
 Now while the flesh is mine abode,
 And when my soul ascends to GOD.

Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,
 While immortality endures :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last.

Why should I make a man my trust ?
 Princes must die and turn to dust ;
 Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

Happy the man, whose hopes rely
 On ISR'EL's GOD ; He made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
 And none shall find his promise vain.

His truth for ever stands secure :
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
 And grants the Pris'ner sweet release.

The LORD hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The LORD supports the sinking mind ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow, and the fatherless.

He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell :
 Thy GOD, O Zion, ever reigns ;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

CCLXXXVIII. PSALM 36, 7, &c.

O GOD! how excellent thy grace!
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs:
 The sons of Adam in distress,
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

From the provisions of thy house,
 We shall be fed with sweet repast;
 There mercy like a river flows,
 And brings Salvation to our taste.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of the LORD;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promis'd in thy word.

CCLXXXIX. PSALM 32.

BLESS'D is the man, for ever bless'd,
 Whose guilt is pardon'd by his GOD,
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
 And cover'd with his SAVIOUR's blood.

Bless'd is the man, to whom the LORD
 Imputes not his iniquities:
 He pleads no merit of reward,
 And not on works, but grace relies.

From guile his heart and lips are free;
 His humble joy, his holy fear,
 With deep repentance well agree,
 And join to prove his faith sincere.

How glorious is that righteousness
 That hides and cancels all his sins!
 While a bright evidence of grace
 Thro' his whole life appears and shines;

CCXC. PSALM 124.

HAD not the LORD, (may Israel say,)
 Had not the LORD maintain'd our side,
 When men to make our lives a prey
 Rose like the swelling of the tide ;

The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
 So fiercely did the waters roll,
 We had been swallow'd deep in death ;
 Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
 Who just escap'd the fatal stroke :
 So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
 When once the fowler's snare is broke.

For ever blessed be the LORD,
 Who broke the fowler's curst snare,
 Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
 And made our lives and souls his care !

Our help is in JEHOVAH's name,
 Who form'd the earth and built the skies ;
 He who upholds that wond'rous frame,
 Guards his own Church with watchful eyes.

CCXCI. PSALM 45.

THE King of saints, how fair his face,
 Adorn'd with majesty and grace !
 He comes with blessings from above,
 And wins the nations to his love.

At his right hand our eyes behold
 The Queen array'd in purest gold :
 The world admires her heav'nly dress,
 Her robe of joy and righteousness.

He forms her beauties like his own ;
 He calls and seats her near his throne :
 Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
 'The idols of thy native state.

So shall the KING the more rejoice
 In thee, the fav'rite of his choice ;
 Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
 For he's thy Maker and thy LORD.

O happy hour ! when thou shalt rise
 To his fair palace in the skies,
 And all thy sons (a num'rous train)
 Each like a prince in glory reign.

Let endless honors crown his head ;
 Let ev'ry age his praises spread :
 While we with cheerful songs approve
 The condescensions of his love.

CCXCII.

COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace !
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Calls for songs of loudest praise :
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my EBEN-EZER ;
 Hither, by thy help, I'm come ;
 And I trust, thro' thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home :

JESUS fought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of GOD;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.

O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
 Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the GOD I love:
 Here's my heart—O take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

CCXCHI.

GLORY to GOD on high:
 Let heav'n and earth reply,
 " Praise ye his name ! "

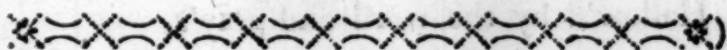
Angels *his* love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 And saints cry, evermore,
 " Worthy the LAMB ! "

All they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name:
 We, who have felt his blood
 Sealing our peace with GOD,
 Sound his dear fame abroad;
 Worthy the LAMB ! "

Join all the ransom'd race
 Our LORD and GOD to bless:
 Praise ye his name!

In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise ;
And shout, with heart and voice,
Worthy the LAMB !

Tho' we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising his name :
To him we'll tribute bring ;
Hail him our gracious King ;
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the LAMB.



B E F O R E M E A T.

CCXCIV.

BE present at our Table, LORD,
Be here and ev'ry where ador'd ;
These creatures bless, and grant that we,
May feast in paradise with thee.

CCXCV.

BLESS, LORD, these creatures for our good,
(Thy bounty from above ;)
But feed our souls with nobler food,
And may we drink thy love.

CCXCVI.

JESUS, our outward wants relieve ;
But O, the food immortal give,
Our hungry souls to fill !

Sustain us by thy pard'ning grace,
And lead us thro' this wilderness,
To the celestial hill.

CCXCVII.

JESUS, joy-inspiring SAVIOUR,
Life's continual nourisher,
Sweeten with thy precious favor,
All thy gifts of bounty here :
Pure delight from thee receiving,
Let us ev'ry blessing share :
Still accepted with thanksgiving,
Hallow'd by the word and pray'r.

A F T E R M E A T.

CCXCVIII.

WE thank thee, LORD, for this our food,
But more because of JESU's blood,
Let Manna to our souls be giv'n,
The Bread of Life sent down from heav'n.

CCXCIX.

THEE, FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, we
Our kind Preserver praise ;
While in thy various gifts, we see
Thy undeserved grace.

We'd to thy Glory drink and eat
Till we from earth remove,
The endless praises to repeat
Of thy sustaining Love.

CCC.

GLORY, love, and praise, and honor,
For our food Now bestow'd
Render we the Donor.

Bounteous LORD, our lips confess thee;
God, who thus Blestest us,
Meet it is to bless thee.

Knows the Ox his master's stable;
And shall we Not know thee,
Nourish'd at thy Table?

Yes, of all good gifts the Giver,
Thee we own; Thee alone
Magnify for ever.

CCCI.

HAPPY the man, to whom 'tis giv'n
To eat the Bread of Life in heav'n!
This happiness in CHRIST we prove,
Who banquet on forgiving Love.

CCCII.

THANKFUL for our ev'ry blessing,
Let us sing CHRIST the spring
Never, never ceasing!

Source of all our gifts and graces,
CHRIST we own, CHRIST alone
Calls for all our praises.

He dispels our sin and sadness,
Life imparts, Cheers our hearts,
Fills with food and gladness.

He himself for us hath given
Us he feeds, Us he leads
To a feast in heaven.



P R O T E C T I O N.

CCCIII. PSALM 121.

TO Heav'n I lift mine eyes,
There all my hopes are laid :
'The LORD who built the Earth and Skies
Becomes my aid.
He will sustain my pow'rs,
With his Almighty arm ;
And watch my most unguarded hours
From every harm.

My feet shall never slide,
Or fall by Satan's snare ;
Since JESUS is my guard and guide
I need not fear.
His ever-watchful eyes
No slumbers know, nor sleep :
It matters not, what dangers rise,
If JESUS keep.

No scorching Sun by day,
Nor sickly Moon by night ;
'Without his leave, can shoot a ray,
Or dare to smite.
Thus favor'd from above,
Safe shall I go and come ;
And wait the hour, when sov'reign love
Shall call me home.

CCCIV. PSALM 46.

GOD is our Refuge in distress ;
 A present help ; when dangers press
 An all-sufficient aid :

Though mountains from their seats be hurl'd,
 And buried in the wat'ry world,
 We will not be afraid.

A gentle stream with gladness, still
 The city of our God shall fill,
 Th' abode of God most high ;
 God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
 Shall mock th' assaults of human pow'rs,
 Her help for ever nigh.

In tumults, when the heathen rag'd,
 And war against his people wag'd ;
 His voice dispers'd their pow'rs,
 Earth melted when it heard his voice.
 This is our help ; our souls rejoice,
 For Jacob's God is ours.

Come see what wonders he has wrought ;
 On earth what desolations brought.
 He calms the jarring world,
 He cuts the spear, he breaks the bow ;
 And all the warlike chariots too,
 Into the flames are hurl'd.

Be still and know that I am God.
 I will be known and fear'd abroad :
 Let all the earth adore.
 But let the friends of God rejoice,
 In Jacob's God with heart and voice,
 Nor fear for evermore.

P R O V I D E N C E.

CCCV.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs ;
 And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful faints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain :
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

CCCVI.

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways !
 How blind are we, how mean our praise !
 Thy steps can mortal eyes explore ?
 'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

Thy deep decrees from creature-sight
 Are hid in shades of awful night ;
 Amid the lines, with curious eye,
 Not angel-minds presume to pry.

Great God ! I would not ask to see
 What in futurity shall be ;
 If light and bliss attend my days,
 Then let my future hours be praise.

Is darkness and distress my share ?
 Then let me trust thy guardian care ;
 Enough for me, if love divine
 At length thro' ev'ry cloud shall shine.

Yet this my soul desires to know,
 Be this my only wish below ;
 " That CHRIST is mine !—this great request
 Grant bounteous GOD : and I am blest.

CCCVII. PSALM 73.

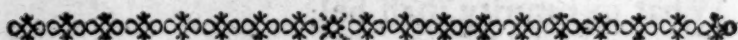
LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
 To mourn, and murmur, and repine
 To see the wicked plac'd on high,
 In pride and robes of honor shine !

But O their end, their dreadful end !
 Thy sanctuary taught me so :

On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee !
Just like a dream when man awakes ;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
Too dear to purchase with my blood :
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My Life, my portion, and my GOD.



R E P E N T A N C E.

CCCVIII.

ALAS ! and did my SAVIOUR bleed !
And did my Sov'reign die ;
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When GOD the mighty Maker dy'd
For Man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear Cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, LORD, I give myself away ;
'Tis all that I can do.

CCCIX.

INFINITE grief ! amazing woe !
Behold my bleeding LORD !
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

O, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear REDEEMER bore !
When knotty whips and jagged thorns
His sacred body tore.

But knotty whips and jagged thorns
In vain do I accuse :
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews :

'Twas you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were ;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

'Twas you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head ;
Break, break, my heart ! O burst, mine eyes
And let my sorrows bleed.

Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

See Humility.

S A N C T I F I C A T I O N.

CCCX.

J E S U S, in whom the GODHEAD's rays
 Beam forth with mildest majesty,
 I see thee full of truth and grace,
 And come for all I want to thee.

Wrathful, impure, and proud I am ;
 Nor constancy, nor strength, I have ;
 But thou, O LORD, art still the same,
 And hast not lost thy pow'r to save.

Save me from pride, the plague expel ;
 JESU, thy humble self impart :
 O let *thy* mind within me dwell,
 O give me lowliness of heart.

Enter thyself, and cast out sin ;
 More of thy purity bestow :
 Touch me, and make the Leper clean ;
 Wash me, and I am white as snow.

Fury is not in thee, my GOD
 O why should it be found in thine ?
 Sprinkle me SAVIOUR, with thy blood,
 And all thy gentleness is mine.

Pour but thy blood upon the flame,
 Meek, and dispassionate and mild ;
 The leopard sinks into a lamb,
 And I become a little child.

CCCXI.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
LORD, give me life divine!
 From vain desires, and ev'ry lust,
 Turn off these eyes of mine.

I need the influence of thy grace
 To speed me in thy way,
 Lest I should loiter in my race,
 Or turn my feet astray.

When sore afflictions press me down,
 I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 Thy word that I have rested on,
 Shall help my heaviest hours.

Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
 And thou a faithful God?
 Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
 To run the heav'nly road?

Does not my heart thy precepts love,
 And long to see thy face;
 And yet how slow my spirits move,
 Without enliv'ning grace!

Then shall I love thy Gospel more,
 And ne'er forget thy word,
 When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r,
 To draw me near the **LORD**.

CCCXII.

JESUS, REDEEMER, SAVIOUR, **LORD**,
 The weary sinner's friend;
 Come to my help, pronounce the word,
 And bid my troubles end.

Deliv'rance to my soul proclaim,
 And life, and liberty :
 Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
 And JESUS prove to me.

Thy pow'rful SPIRIT can subdue
 Unconquerable sin ;
 Cleanse this foul heart and make it new,
 And write thy Law within.

Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice :
 The blind his sight receive.
 The dumb, in songs of praise rejoice ;
 The heart of stone, believe.

The Ethiop then shall change his skin ;
 The dead, shall feel thy pow'r ;
 The loathsome leper shall be clean ;
 And I shall sin abhor.

CCCXIII.

O For a closer walk with GOD,
 A calm and heav'nly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the LAMB.

O for an heart to praise my GOD,
 An heart from guilt set free ;
 An heart that's sprinkled with the blood
 So freely shed for me.

An humble, lowly, contrite heart ;
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.

An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear REDEEMER's throne ;
Where only CHRIST is heard to speak,
Where JESUS reigns alone.

Thy holy nature, LORD, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the LAMB.

CCCXIV.

HOLY LAMB, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live :
Day and night they cry to thee ;
As thou art, so let us be.

Fix, O fix each wav'ring mind,
To thy Crois our spirits bind ;
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up our souls in love.

Dust and ashes tho' we be,
Full of guilt and misery :
Thine we are, thou SON of God ;
Take the purchase of thy blood.

Boundless Wisdom, Pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine ;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n.

See Holiness.

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE SCRIPTURES

CCCXV.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines ?
 For ever be thy name ador'd,
 For these celestial lines.

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast ;
 Sublimèr sweets than nature knows,
 Invite the longing taste.

Here springs of consolation rise,
 To cheer the fainting mind ;
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,
 And sweet refreshment find.

When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
 United rend the heart ;
 Here sinners meet divine relief,
 And cool the raging smart.

Here the REDEEMER'S welcome voice
 Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
 And life, and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heav'nly pages be
 My ever dear delight,
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.

Divine instructor, gracious LORD !
 Be thou for ever near ;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my SAVIOUR there.

CCCXVI.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
 I fly to thee, my LORD ;
 And not a glimpse of hope appears,
 But in thy written word.

The volume of my Father's grace
 Does all my grief assuage :
 Here I behold my SAVIOUR's face
 Almost in ev'ry page.

This is the field where hidden lies
 The Pearl of price unknown ;
 The merchant is divinely wise
 Who makes that Pearl his own.

Here consecrated water flows
 To quench my thirst of sin ;
 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 Nor danger dwells therein.

This is the Judge that ends the strife,
 Where wit and reason fail ;
 My guide to everlasting life
 Thro' all this gloomy vale.

O ! may thy counsels, mighty God !
 My roving feet command ;
 Nor I forsake the happy road,
 That leads to thy right hand.

CCCXVII. PSALM 19.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, LORD ;
 In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines ;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

Y.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days thy pow'r confess;
 But the bless'd volume thou hast writ,
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand;
 So when thy truth begun its race,
 It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest,
 'Till thro' the world thy truth has run:
 'Till CHRIST has all the nations blest
 That see the light or feel the sun.

Great Sun of righteousness arise,
 Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
 Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n:
 LORD, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

CCCXVIII. PSALM 119: 9. &c.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin!
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.

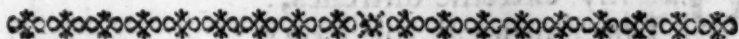
When once it enters to the mind;
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.

'Tis like the sun a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

The men that keep thy Law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the LORD.

Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy Law, my God.

Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy Book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.



S U B M I S S I O N.

CCCXIX.

PEACE, 'tis the LORD JEHOVAH's hand,
That blasts our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back our breath.

'Tis he, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

Tis he, whose Justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice.

Yet scatters with unwearied hand
A thousand rich supplies.

Our Cov'nant GOD and Father he
In CHRIST our bleeding LORD;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for ev'ry brow;
And shall tumultuous passions rise,
If he corrects us now?

Silent I own JEHOVAH's name;
I kiss thy scourging hand;
And yield my comforts, and my life
To thy supreme command.

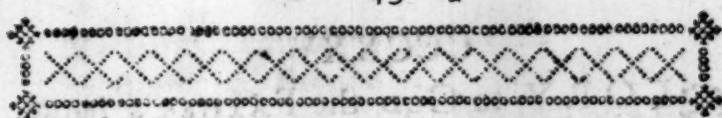
CCCXX.

OF my extreme distresses,
The Author is the LORD:
Whate'er his wisdom pleases,
His name be still ador'd!
If still he prove my patience,
And to the utmost prove,
Yet all his dispensations
Are faithfulness and love.

CCCXXI.

LOOK up my Soul, nor faint beneath the Rod;
The smiter is thy Friend, thy Father, GOD:
In his all-wise, all-good, all-holy choice,
I must,—I will,—I can,—I do rejoice.

See Affliction.



PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

CCCXXII.

BLESS'D be the FATHER and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to thee, great SON of GOD,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give thee, sacred SPIRIT, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

Thus GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom, or a shore.

CCCXXIII.

TO GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

CCCXXIV.

PRAISE GOD from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY-GHOST.

CCCXXV.

GLORY to GOD the FATHER's name,
Who from our sinful race,
Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim
The honors of his grace.

Glory to GOD the SON be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

Glory to GOD the SPIRIT give,
From whose Almighty pow'r,
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

Glory to GOD that reigns above,
Th' eternal THREE and ONE,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

CCCXXVI.

LET GOD the FATHER, and the SON,
And SPIRIT be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints that love the LORD.

CCCXXVII.

LET GOD the FATHER live
For ever on our tongues :
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

Ye saints, employ your breath
In honor to the SON,
Who brought your souls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.

Give to the SPIRIT praise,
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and pow'r, and grace convey
Salvation down to men.

CCCXXVIII.

GIVE to the FATHER praise,
Give glory to the SON,
And to the SPIRIT of his grace
Be equal honor done.

CCCXXIX.

PRAISE be to the FATHER given,
CHRIST he gave, us to save,
Now the heirs of heaven.

Pay we equal adoration
To the SON, he alone
Wrought out our salvation.

Glory to th' Eternal SPIRIT,
Us he seals, CHRIST reveals,
And applies his merit.

Worship, honor, thanks and blessing,
ONE in THREE, give we thee,
Never, never ceasing.

CCCXXX.

WE Give immortal praise
 To GOD the FATHER's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above :
 He sent his own beloved SON
 To die for sins that man had done.

To GOD the SON belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with his blood
 From everlasting woe ;
 And now he lives, and now he reigns,
 And fees the fruit of all his pains.

To GOD the SPIRIT's name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating pow'r
 Makes the dead sinner live :
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty GOD ! to thee
 Be endless honors done,
 The undivided THREE,
 And the mysterious ONE :
 Where reason fails with all her pow'rs
 There Faith prevails, and Love adores.

CCCXXXI.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY-GHOST
 Be praise, amidst the heav'nly host,
 And in the Church below ;

From whom all Creatures drew their breath,
By whom Redemption blest the earth,
From whom all Comforts flow.

CCCXXXII.

LIVE, our great God on high,
Eternally ador'd ;
Who gave his only SON to die,
Our dearest LORD.
Worship, and praise, and pow'r
Ascribe we to the LAMB ;
His finish'd work our souls adore,
And trust his name.

The blessed SPIRIT praise,
Who shews th' atoning blood,
Applies the SAVIOUR'S precious Grace,
And leads to GOD.
We with our friends above,
When time with us is o'er ;
Shall triumph in redeeming-love,
For evermore.

CCCXXXIII.

SING we to our God above,
Praise, eternal as his love :
Praise him, all ye heav'nly host
FATHER, SON, and HOLY-GHOST.



AT DISMISSION.

CCCXXXIV.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us, &c.
 Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
 For thy Gospel's joyful sound :
 May the fruits of thy Salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound !
 Ever faithful &c.
 To the truth may we be found !

So whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on Angels' wing to heav'n,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever, &c.
 Reign with CHRIST in endless day !

CCCXXXV.

LORD help us on thy love to feed ;
 In peace dismiss us hence ;
 Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,
 Our refuge and defence.

We now desire to bless thy name,
 And in our hearts record,
 And with our thankful tongues proclaim
 The goodness of the LORD.

CCCXXXVI.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.

'Tis JESUS the first and the last,
Whose SPIRIT shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

CCCXXXVII.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, LORD ;
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

Tho' we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in JESU's blood ;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all DEPART IN PEACE.

CCCXXXVIII.

ONCE more before we part,
We'll bless the SAVIOUR's name ;
Record his mercies ev'ry heart,
Sing ev'ry tongue the same.

Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow,
Go on to seek to know the LORD
And practice what you know.

CCCXXXIX.

FATHER before we hence depart,
Send thy good SPIRIT down :
Let him reside in ev'ry heart,
And bless the seed that's sown.

Thou fountain of eternal love,
Who gav'st thy SON to die ;
O let thy SPIRIT from above,
Enlighten and apply.

CCCXL.

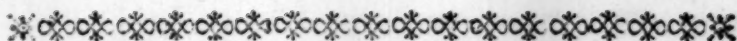
IF JESUS is yours
You have a true friend,
His goodness endures
The same to the end.
Your tempers may vary,
Your comforts decline ;
You cannot miscarry,
Your aid is divine.

CCCXLI.

MAY the grace of CHRIST our Saviour
And the FATHER's boundless love,
With the holy SPIRIT's favor,
Rest upon us from above !
Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the LORD ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

F I N I S.





ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR the Assistance of those who conduct this part of divine Worship, in referring to, and choosing any particular subject;—the Psalms and Hymns are disposed in the following

O R D E R.

HYMNS AND PSALMS

For THE LORD'S DAY.

— — — OPENING OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

— BEFORE and AFTER SERMON.

The rest follow (classed under general titles) in Alphabetical order as

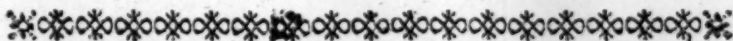
— ADOPTION, — AFFLICTION, &c.

— BAPTISM, — BEATITUDES, &c.

— CHRIST, — CHURCH &c.

— DEATH — and so on —

The whole closed with Hymns to the ever blessed TRINITY, and a few suited to the DISMISSION of a Congregation.





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236			<i>insert the No. CCXXXVI.</i>
—	I	I	<i>for thy, read the.</i>
275	5	3	<i>for bows, read boughs.</i>



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

A T A S E

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